

The London Quarterly Review

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1924

IS THE HISTORICAL FOUNDATION OF THE PAPACY SOUND ?

IF we take the Papacy as in any way the product of Christianity we may say that so far as institutions go it is the greatest creation of the Christian religion. For eleven hundred years it ruled the Christian world, for fifteen hundred years it has been a tremendous power, and now, nineteen hundred years after Christianity started, it is still vigorous, holding in its grip millions of subjects in all parts of the world. It is the only religious force which came out of the Great War unharmed, because it was the only force which held aloof in impartial serenity. It knew that one party was bound to conquer, and therefore if it took sides it would suffer with the conquered party. Therefore, when the war ended Cardinal Mercier was still a Roman Catholic, and the Archbishops of Mainz and of Vienna were still also good Roman Catholics. It rebuked Germany for her military brutalities, but that was taken as a matter of course, and every one knew that Germany was not the only army guilty of excesses, as she was not the only power guilty of the war itself. So the Papacy has come down through the centuries, without the same power that she had in the Middle Ages, but with large remnants of it, her spiritual vigour still almost unimpaired, assured that next Sunday whosoever pastor's parishioners do not go to church, hers will go ; whatever theology is changing and vanishing, hers is still the same ; and she will still have her seat on the Seven Hills in the year 2124, and her ramifications in every country where she now exists, with

perhaps many new lands added to her domain. In this year of grace 1924 she is the only historic Church which faces the future calm and unafraid, because she is the only Church without schism or schisms, without a disintegrating theology, without ever-changing religious values (unlike the German mark, 1919-24), which is sure of her creed because she is sure of her Lord, the only Church which is not afraid of some new philosopher Kant or new theologian Ritschl Unitarianizing her, and thus eviscerating her. I speak simply historically. If you would ask Papal theologians the secret of their confidence in the future, of their assurance that in 2500 they would still be offering the body of Christ in the Mass, they would give many answers, but they would all unite in one: This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith.

And without intending it, this is a wise reply on their part, because the Papalist is strong in faith but weak in history. I don't mean their historians and theologians have not convinced themselves that they have good historical foundations; but it is incontestible that their wiser and more impartial students have been compelled to abandon their former convictions, revise their historical judgements, and either leave their Church, or remain in it disillusioned, or be excommunicated from it—and this last simply because they have gotten, not new theological light, not new religious light, but new historical light. For the Papacy has had the frankness and honesty to put the historical reasons on the level with the theological. She has said that the Bishop of Rome is religiously not only the only vicar of Christ on earth, the head and teacher of all Christians, whom all must receive as such in order to be Christians, but she has said that the early and the later Church, till what they call the Greek schism, and all the Western Church till the Reformation, believed this. Now you might persuade yourself by some false philosophy that there ought to be some one head of the Church on earth, some one earthly ruler, and you

might persuade yourself by some false exegesis that our Lord intended that in the Rock passage of Matthew and the 'Feed my Lambs' passage of John, but you would find hard sledding the moment you left philosophy and exegesis for history.

What, then, is historically the papal claim?

(1) That the Bishop or Pope of Rome (not called Pope or Father pre-eminently till the eighth century) is the chief ecclesiastical ruler of the universal Church.

(2) That to him all appeals must therefore be made and by him decided.

(3) That he is the ordinary in every diocese in Christendom; that is, has actual episcopal jurisdiction everywhere, in case of necessity can supersede every bishop, either by displacing him, or temporarily putting him aside, or rescinding or nullifying his acts.

(4) That he is the arbiter in the doctrinal and moral teachings of the Church, kept from error by the infallible direction of the Holy Spirit Himself.

These are the claims. But they go far beyond what you and I might call the fair claims, and which we find in our historical search.

(1) That Peter was once in Rome and died there.

(2) That this, with the fact that Paul was also there, made Rome an apostolic seat, and the fact that both died there, and thus consecrated that ground as sacred, made it an apostolic seat ('see') pre-eminently.

(3) That this pre-eminence passed over naturally to the Church or Churches in that city, and, when there came to be a bishop there (as chief presbyter very early—perhaps A.D. 80—as bishop in the ordinary or later sense perhaps 140 or 150; there is evidence that the so-called monarchical episcopate was later in Rome than in the cities of Asia Minor), of course to the bishop there.

(4) That this tragic halo which invested the Church in Rome with high honour would be lovingly and even

enthusiastically recognized by Churches everywhere, especially as all Orientals and many Westerners were apt to speak in lavish extravagance of courtesy. But it would be foolish to take these tropical praises as legal expressions in matters of jurisdiction. Here facts only must rule.

(5) The honour of apostolic teachers and martyrs so eminent as Peter and Paul was heightened by the benefactions of the Churches in Rome. There were some rich people among the converts there; in fact, we know that Christianity had pressed in to the very purlieu of the imperial court itself, and even farther than the purlieu. It had eminent representatives. In the economic crises of the empire, and in the fearful devastations and persecutions which befell the Christians, relief came as a heavenly gift from the Churches in the imperial city, and those heavenly gifts touched up with divine honour the Church and bishops whence they came. It is undeniable that the benevolence of Rome helped her primacy.

(6) We all know that the relative position of cities in the empire had a large part, sometimes the chief, in determining their ecclesiastical status. We should naturally suppose that, in Christianity religious considerations might overbalance political in fixing rank; though deeper thought would tell us that the question of rank is not Christian at all. But by the third century the Christian Church was a pretty mixed affair—Christian, Jewish, heathen. And its hierarchy as such was Jewish and heathen only, however much individual hierarchy had of Christian life and ideals. Religious considerations would make us feel that Jerusalem, where Christ lived, died, and rose again, where the first Church was founded, should be the chief Church in Christendom. But so little did such considerations weigh that the Bishop of Jerusalem was under the metropolitan of Caesarea, who was himself under the patriarch of Antioch. What was the second city in rank in the empire according to imperial reckoning? Alexandria. Who was the second

bishop or archbishop in rank in the empire? He of Alexandria. Which was the third city in rank? Antioch. Peter resided there, Paul visited there, and it thus had illustrious religious associations, but its bishop was third in rank—not second, not first. Which was the fourth city of the empire, according to the secular order? Ephesus. Here, too, were abundant sacred ties to make Ephesus the first see of Christendom. The two greatest of the apostles, John and Paul, lived for years in it, and perhaps Peter too visited it. But was it first? No, only fourth. It is certain, therefore, that the relative secular position of the cities in the Roman Empire had a good deal to do with their ecclesiastical position. And since Rome was the capital of the empire, her bishop was bound to be the first in the empire, whatever religious considerations did or did not help along that primacy.

There were higher reasons than political to exalt Rome.

(1) Rome early attained pre-eminence for the number of her martyrs. In the very centre whence edicts of persecution went forth she was naturally the first struck and the hardest struck. Being the strongest Church numerically, she also became the Church which sent up the shining way the most heroes and heroines. This invested her with unique moral importance.

(2) I have already spoken of the fact that both Peter and Paul passed their last year or years in Rome, and were martyred there, which added mightily to the spiritual reputation of the bishops who in the last part of the second, in the third, and following centuries, were looked upon as their successors—their successors legally as bishops and in the glamour and glory of their fame as apostles and martyrs. (Of course, some doubt or even deny that Peter was ever in Rome. But this is a hardy scepticism. I think practically all scientific Church historians of the twentieth century hold that he was either certainly or very probably there.

(3) Our Lord's famous words, 'Thou art Peter, and upon

this rock I will build My Church,' were looked upon as investing Peter with a kind of primacy, to say the least, and also the church where he died, and much later the church where he came to be (falsely) looked upon as the first bishop. That left a beautiful territory of indefiniteness for the papal claim. If you are a modest Roman bishop you would not take too much to yourself for Christ's words to Peter; if you are a Victor or a Leo you would stretch the claim to the utmost, and look upon yourself as the lord and master of all bishops, the head of the Church on earth, perhaps the very vicar of Christ—claims which we know Peter himself was as innocent of as a newborn babe. These were the religious reasons for the rise of the Papacy.

As to the sounding phrase, 'The Apostolic See,' often used by papal writers of the Roman bishopric, we must remember that the place where both Paul and Peter gave up their lives, Rome, might at times be called by courtesy in the pious parlance of later centuries the apostolic see. But we must remember that Latin has no article (unlike Greek, English, French, and German), and therefore no way except the context to distinguish between definite and indefinite. Therefore, when Latin writers say *sedes apostolica* we do not know whether they mean *the* apostolic see or *an* apostolic see. Where apostles dwelt or preached was an apostolic see. Thus Tertullian says (199 or 200): 'Cast a glance over the apostolic churches, in which the very thrones of the apostles are still pre-eminent in their places. . . . Achaia is very near you, in which you find Corinth. . . . You have Philippi. . . . You have the Thessalonians. Since you are able to cross to Asia you find Ephesus. Since, moreover, you are close upon Italy, you have Rome' (*De Praes. Haer.*, 36). St. Paulinus of Nola (died 431) used 'apostolic see' to denote any bishop with no apostolic connexion, as of Tagaste (*Ep.* iii. 1) and Rouen (xviii. 6). We get the definite article prefixed in the General Council (Constantinople, 381), but it is of Antioch, 'the most ancient and truly apostolic

Church of Antioch of Syria' (Theod. v. 9; *Petrine Claims*, Littledale, p. 103). Roman writers are apt to translate *sedes apostolica* when it refers to Rome as *the* apostolic see, which is giving themselves the benefit of the doubt in fine style.

Let us then examine the historical foundations of the papal monarchy.

(1) As to the New Testament, we should find that all theological and moral questions are put up to Peter alone. He should decide whether Gentiles are to be circumcised or whether Paul is to go to the Gentiles; he should write the theological epistles like Romans, Galatians, and Colossians; he should be sole arbiter in that seething infant Church, when everything was in flux, yet everything in process of being settled. So far is this from being true, that—although according to his temperament he took the leading rôle at the very start—no question was referred to him alone; a council was called to decide about the Gentiles, where James, the Lord's brother, had the decisive voice (so far as any one had); the doctrinal points were laid to rest by Paul and (against Gnosticism) by John; and in Peter's own writings no trace whatever exists of the lordly assumptions that sound through the papal decrees and letters. If Peter was Pope he is quite ignorant of it, and his contemporaries are as ignorant of it as he.

(2) The first writer who has to do with Rome after the close of the New Testament is Clement, 'bishop' or head presbyter of the Church there, who writes a letter in A.D. 97 to the Church in Corinth to exhort her to peace and love. It would have been a fine opportunity to show that he is Pope indeed. But how different the situation! (a) The Corinthian Church had not referred their troubles to him. (b) He writes, not in his own name, as is the custom with Popes, but in the name of the Church alone. 'The Church of God which sojourneth in Rome to the Church of God which sojourneth in Corinth, to them which are called and sanctified by the will of God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Grace to you and peace from almighty God through Jesus Christ be multiplied.' (c) The letter is exactly such as might be written by any pious and earnest person to a Church which had been torn by divisions. There is a passage which a Papalist might twist to his purpose, but when understood in the context it is incorrect. The writer had been quoting Scripture to show that those who disobey God are punished, and he adds: 'But if certain persons should be disobedient unto the words spoken by him [God in Scripture] through us [as we have been quoting the Scripture], let them understand that they will entangle themselves in no slight transgression and danger; but we shall be guiltless of this sin' [because we have warned you and given you the words of Scripture]. Any preacher could use the words of Clement here. There is no echo of prelate power or papal authority in the letter. If the writer were Pope in the papal sense he entirely conceals it. But if he were really Pope, and could write a letter such as this without revealing it in any way, that is a greater wonder than the Papacy itself.

(3) About A.D. 110-117 Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, writes to the Roman Church. He was on his way to martyrdom in Rome, and somewhere in Asia Minor he sent off a letter to the Roman brethren. This letter is also oblivious of the Papacy. Not even the episcopate is mentioned, let alone the Papacy, which is another evidence that early in the second century the so-called monarchical episcopate (bishop as Church ruler or officer as distinct from elder or presiding presbyter) did not exist in Rome.

Ignatius, who is also Theophorus, unto her that hath found mercy in the bountifulness of the Father most High and of Jesus Christ His only Son; to the Church that is beloved and enlightened through the will of Him who willed all things that are, by faith and love towards Jesus Christ our God; even unto her that hath the presidency in the country of the regions of the Romans [that is, the Church in the city of Rome naturally took precedence in any meeting of the representatives of the Churches in that part of the country], being

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worthy of God, worthy of honour, worthy of felicitation, worthy of purity, and having the presidency of love [perhaps referring to the generous beneficence of the Church in the capital to needy brethren elsewhere], walking in the law of Christ and bearing the Father's name; which Church I also salute in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father; unto them that in flesh and spirit are united unto His every commandment, being filled with the grace of God without wavering, and filtered clear from every stain,—abundant greeting in Jesus Christ our God in blamelessness (Ignatius, *ad Rom.*, Introduction, Lightfoot's trans.)

This is a lovely introduction, breathing the deep piety of the holy and enthusiastic martyr-bishop of Antioch; but, so far as showing that the Church to which he is writing is the ruling Church in the world, it is null and void. Nor does it address the bishop at all, as on the theory of the Papacy it must do. The words of Ignatius show that there was a Church in Rome, that it was the chief Church in Italy, that it was known for its love and faith, but that is all. If the Papacy existed in 117, as it did on the modern Roman theory, Ignatius is as ignorant of it as Clement twenty years before.

(4) About A.D. 140 a writing appeared in Rome written by Hermas, a brother of Pius, the Bishop, or head presbyter, of Rome. It is quite an extensive piece, and has information on the moral and religious condition of Christians, the building of the Church, &c. It is 'rich in concrete examples, and is a mine of information as to the life and customs of the Roman Church in the beginning of the second century' (Krüger, *Chr. Lit.*, 44). The condition it reveals calls for intervention of the Pope with all his power, if the Papacy was then heard of. But, alas! he is not existent. Even the fully developed episcopate as we know it from history (say 150 or 175) is also absent, and the equality of bishops and presbyters is still in full vigour. In fact, this feeble and yet, in its own way, interesting *Pilgrim's Progress* of the early Church is certain proof that the monarchical episcopate was much later in Rome than in Asia Minor. There was no Papacy in Rome at 140.

(5) The next item of evidence is the conference between Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, and Anicetus, Bishop of Rome, on the time of observing Easter, 158-168. We can hardly understand the tremendous interest that that question excited in the second century. This was the situation: the Eastern Churches, following (they said) the custom of the Apostle John and the other apostles, observed the fourteenth day of Nisan as Passover or Easter—observing in it (when they did observe it) both the death and resurrection of Christ; fasting up to three in the afternoon, when rejoicing followed. The Westerners, on the other hand, celebrated the Friday which came next after the fourteenth Nisan as the day of the death of Jesus, and the Sunday following that as the day of His resurrection. Polycarp journeyed all the way to Rome to talk over that question—not summoned, but going on his own impulse—and tried to win over his Roman brother. Did the latter lay down the law to the Easterner? Did he demand submission? If he had been Pope in the modern sense he would have issued a decree ordering all Churches to follow the Western custom. Both tried to persuade the other; neither succeeded; both parted in love (Eusebius, *Hist. Eccl.*, v. 24). Ah, if all the later Popes had been like Anicetus! The only argument Anicetus advanced was the example of his predecessors, whom he calls, not bishops, but elders.

(6) About thirty-five years pass away, and we get a Bishop of Rome who feels his power and is determined to bring the Easterners 'to time.' This was Victor, and he made a kind of mild beginning of the Papacy (about 189-200, date uncertain). As bishop of the capital city of the empire he wrote to the Eastern bishops asking them to hold synods to discuss the matter of Easter with a view to adopting the Roman time. Even he did not himself command the new observance. But in some parts of the Church, even in the East, the moral or other influence of Victor prevailed, and the traditional way of the East was given up.

But not in Asia and neighbouring provinces (by Asia is meant the province so-called). The Bishop of Ephesus, Polycrates, representing these bishops, wrote to the Roman Church defending their customs received from the apostles, and intimated that the half threat which Victor had sent to them that if they persisted he would cut them off from communion with the Roman Church would not cause them to change. 'I am not scared by those who intimidate us, for they who are greater than I have said, We ought to obey God rather than men' (Eus., *H. E.*, v. 21). This greatly displeased Victor, and he immediately cut off the Asian Churches from the Church of Rome (v. 24). This was a high-handed and most unchristian proceeding, as the Eastern Churches were following only their own immemorial customs, and the matter was one of no importance whatever—I mean of no doctrinal bearing. At any rate the bishops paid no attention to Victor's excommunication; in fact, they upbraided him for it; and so holy and wise a bishop as Irenaeus of Lyons, in Gaul, where the Roman observance was in vogue, wrote to Victor inveighing against him for his foolish and unwarranted act (v. 24; Socr., *H. E.*, v. 22, 16). The Asian Churches still kept up their old practice; the excommunication by Victor was not heeded by any other Churches, East or West, and everything went on as before. (Apparently about 255 the Asian Churches were still observing their former practice—Firmilian in Cypr., *Ep.* 75 (74), § 6—though by 325 the Western mode had everywhere prevailed.) At any rate, the Victor incident shows us that at the end of the second century the universal Church recognized no Pope of Rome in the papal sense.

(7) We have the famous passage of Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons, in Gaul, about 180, which Romans have made much of on account of its apparent support of the Papacy. He is refuting the Gnostics, who, over against the Scripture brought against them, allege that they have a secret tradition from these very apostles who wrote the New Testament

endorsing their doctrine. Irenaeus replies that this cannot be, inasmuch as—independent of the New Testament—we have Churches now existing founded by apostles, which Churches knew their teaching, and the bishops of these Churches have handed down that teaching, which they and everybody else near them know is notoriously different from the Gnostic. Let me quote his words :

It is within the power of all who wish to see the truth to contemplate clearly the tradition of the apostles manifested through the world in every Church ; and we are able to enumerate those whom the apostles appointed to be bishops in the Churches, and their successors, quite down to our own time ; who neither taught, nor knew anything like what these (Gnostics) rave about. [We know that the apostles did occasionally—not always—recommend that elders should be appointed in Churches. Irenaeus used the word bishops, but not strictly, as he calls them presbyters (elders) in the context, where he speaks of the ‘tradition which comes from the apostles and which is guarded by the succession of presbyters in the Churches.’] Yet surely if the apostles had known any hidden mysteries which they were in the habit of teaching to the perfect, apart and privily from the rest, they would have taken special care to deliver them to those to whom they were also committing the Churches ; . . . but because it would be too long in such a volume as this to enumerate the succession of all the Churches, we point to the tradition of that very great and very ancient and universally known Church which was founded and established at Rome by the two most glorious apostles, Peter and Paul [we know from New Testament history that neither Peter nor Paul founded the Roman Church ; but by 180 their names were universally associated with it, and in the general language of Irenaeus, not designed to be accurate in the modern sense, he could speak of them rhetorically as founders and establishers] ; we point, I say, to the tradition which this Church has from the apostles, and to her faith proclaimed to men, which comes down to our time through the succession of her bishops. And so we put to confusion all those who in any way, either on account of self-pleasing, or of vain-glory, or of blindness and perverse opinion, assemble in unauthorized meetings. For to this Church, on account of its more influential pre-eminence [or, its more potent principality], it is necessary that every Church should resort, that is to say, the faithful from everywhere ; and in this Church the tradition which comes from the apostles has ever been preserved by those from everywhere (iii. 8, 1, 2).

That is, when you cannot refute the Gnostics by the Bible because they have their own secret interpretation of the Bible, which makes it of none effect, nor by the apostles because they have their own private source of what the apostles taught, refer them to the well-known Churches founded by apostles or associated with them, because the public teachers of those Churches have reliable information as to what apostles taught. But if it is not handy to go to such a church in your own province, why, there is the church in the capital of the empire, where everybody goes because it is the capital, and because the church there has the more potent principality, being the church of the imperial city and also consecrated with the last witness of the celebrated apostles Peter and Paul. So many people resort there that they bring with them the testimony of their Churches from all over the empire, and so constantly correct and inform the tradition in Rome. This makes Rome the handiest and most reliable source of traditional instruction. Irenaeus does not say that Christ made Rome the sole infallible teacher and ruler of all the Churches, that that was its more potent principality; but that on account of its being the church of the apostles and of the principate (empire), and thus thronged by Christians from everywhere, it is the readiest and safest to give information as to what is truly apostolic. This is the famous passage of Irenaeus, and this is its meaning. By 180, then, so far as we know, the Papacy, as Roman doctrine defines it, had not arisen. The bridge of the Papacy spans a wide chasm, but since it comes short by a hundred years of the apostolic shore its historic invalidity is as great as though it never existed at all. And we have come down only as far as Irenaeus.

JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER.

MAURICE BARRÈS

THE first impression of M. Barrès suggested an antagonism between thought and feeling. The lines of his face indicated an inner conflict between a dilettante aestheticism and a remorseless pursuit of logical ideas. The slightly arched eyebrows, a dreamy gaze under half-closed eyelids, the mouth in its almost voluptuous curve recalling a face of Rossetti's, the delicate poise of the head turned languorously to one side, the attitude a little weary, as if feeling, 'Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux,' disclose the poet, the dreamer, the exquisite artist of *La Mort de Venise*. But that is not the final impression. The massive head, with a forehead indicative of keen penetration, a chin eloquent of force and inflexible decision, a hand that betrays the presence of personal power in its grip, indicate an indomitable spirit that is in strange contrast to the face. This, coupled with a vivid alertness, an eager restlessness when an important debate is on, the ardour of his election campaigns, the visible *joie de vivre* in his political activities, are in striking dissemblance to the *penseur* of 'un amateur d'âmes.'

At every point he challenged your judgement of him. If you were tempted to estimate him by his Parliamentary activities and guide your critical faculties by his interest in patriotic leagues, he perplexed you with the delicate sensibilities of *Le Jardin de Bérénice* or the subtle mysticism of *La Colline Inspirée*. On the other hand, if you despise the world of affairs, and are an artist before you are a citizen, and wish to keep inviolate memories of El Greco, or the subtle intermingling of East and West that meets you amid the lagoons of Venice, you are rudely disturbed with *L'affaire de Boulanger* or *Leurs Figures*. If your religious susceptibilities are awakened by the beautiful symbolism

under which he expresses the ageless appeal of the Church, you find yourself repelled by the amoralism of *L'ennemi des Lois*. Thus the contemporary estimates of M. Barrès are curiously diverse. To M. Anatole France he is a pure intellectual, without sentiments or emotions, whilst to the students of the Sorbonne it is the insufficiency of his intellectual appeal which has led them to forsake him for the more spacious domain of faith. On the other hand, the critical school find him their master in the expression of emotions and sentiment.

For M. Barrès is no one of these things—he is all of them, not successively, but at the same time. His development was the development of a life. No man so appeared to contradict his past, no man in reality was truer to it. He confounds you with the precision of his intellectual development, as he perplexes you by the elusive complexity of his literary symbolism, which ensnares you into admiring without comprehending it. He baffles your judgement by the indeterminate character of his books, and retains your interest by the elevated spirit that imparts a dignity to the simplest detail. Yet this is the result, not of lack of convictions, but of the manifoldness of life. His work is throughout the varied expression of a virile personality. To isolate the politician from the poet, the psychological romanticist from the fervid patriot, is strangely to misconceive him. For him literature is abundantly personal. His books constitute a *journal intime*, and are held together by the delicate thread of his interior being. He is a supreme egoist, a soul determined on the perfecting of his own nature, and possessing the rare powers of an Henri Beyle in the elucidation of subtle and complex emotions. But he realizes that life is not simply the *nudité grêle*, that it is only in their contact with the exterior world of movement and action that ideas acquire their value. Under varying phases the one problem is always recurring, how ‘*Concilier les pratiques de la vie intérieure avec les nécessités de la vie active.*’

La vie intérieure. For Barrès it is not a secret thing. He analyses his own personality with a due regard for the spectator, with the air of an experimenter before a slightly vulgar audience. Yet his tentative attitude never arises from a lack of conviction as to what his personality means, but only as to the direction of its development. In the *Culte de Moi*, despite his veil of irony, he strips himself naked, until we feel almost as though we were present at a pathological demonstration. He has a fine reserve except when dealing with his own emotions. So acute is his power of describing his sensations and taking account of the subtlest nuances of thought that we appear to be gazing at an intellectual seismograph, in which the quivering sensibilities of an intense and ardent spirit are being patiently recorded. Events are of little importance; emotions alone are the objects of regard. In this he is true to the characteristic tendency of French genius, from Montaigne to Amiel. Its traditions remain analytical and subjectively personal rather than realistic. Even where it seeks dramatic form it is the movement and effect of ideas rather than of incident which is expressed, as in *Cyrano* or *La Malade Imaginaire*. Its fine individualism remains uninfluenced by the doctrine, 'L'animal est un principe que prend sa forme extérieure ou, pour parler plus exactement les différences de sa forme, dans les milieux où il est appelé à se développer. Les espèces Zoologique résultent de ces différences. Je vis que sous ce rapport la société ressemble à la nature.' It has offered a generous hospitality to *La Comédie Humaine* and its small coterie of imitators, but it has always recognized their slightly exotic character. In many ways 'Phillippe' is reminiscent of M. Bourget's 'Robert Greslou,' Constant's 'Adolphe,' or Sainte-Beuve's 'Volupté.' The moral qualities of life, truth, beauty, and goodness are viewed as factors of experience. The soul is regarded with an intense curiosity as the source of new sensations. *Le Culte de Moi* is a record of emotions considered in themselves entirely

apart from their influence on action. 'Je voudrais pleurer être bercé, je voudrais désirer pleurer.' It is not the effective expression of an emotion, but that vague, evanescent, half-decisive moment that gives to any experience its force and character. The dead life is the life in which there is an absence of this half-mystical temperament. 'Ah, quelque chose à désirer, à regretter, à pleurer, pour que je n'ai pas la gorge sèche, la tête vide, et les yeux flottants au milieu des militaires, des curés, des ingénieurs, des demoiselles, et des collectionneurs.' For it is this world which M. Barrès sought to pillory. Yet the world which survived the barbed shafts of Heine, the fierce invective of Flaubert, the irony of Arnold, was not likely to succumb to his subtler and more delicate criticism.

'Pour m'éprouver, je me touchai avec ingéniosité de mille traits aiguës d'analyse jusque dans les fibres les plus délicates de ma pensée'; or again, 'Ah, lui disait son amie en gémissant, tu sais trop de choses avant les initiations.' Thus he dwells in that twilight world, peopled with the shadowy forms of unreal beings, without projecting his thoughts upon any external object. They remain unrelated images of the mind. Yet, whilst his methods are the same, there is a great difference in aim and temper from the predecessors. With des Essientes, Julien Sorel, Robert Greslou, the process of analysis only reveals the decadence of morals; with Barrès the aim is to reach a foundation upon which the moral purposes of life can rest. In the earlier psychological romance there was evinced a complete distaste for action, or moral initiative arising from a supposed antinomy between thought and action. Intellectual supremacy was necessarily opposed to the energetic prosecution of external aim and purposes, the sphere of ideas to the world of action. This imaginary conflict paralysed the age preceding Barrès; it ought to have paralysed Barrès', but, in a way that astonished his older contemporaries, instead of submitting to the enervation of his egoism he founded upon it a system of vitalism. His

later work is a singular refutation of the words of Taine. 'Ce jeune M. Barrès n'arrivera jamais à rien, car il est sollicité par deux tendances absolument contradictoires, le goût de la méditation et le désir d'action.'

The way out of the impasse was found by M. Barrès in his sense of the incompleteness of the individual. It is in the relation of the inner spirit to the spirit of nature, to its ageless traditions and historic reality, that the soul finds its true power. It is the way out chosen by Goethe in what he speaks of as 'a true interest in the external world. . . . The application of the spirit to real phenomena gains for us little by little contentment, clarity, and knowledge.' In the *Jardin de Bérénice* Philippe discovers the way of escape. But it is not a complete return to nature that Barrès counsels. We have not here the universe open to the ear of faith, so that

"it doth impart

Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

For him peace comes with a sense of fulfilment, not by simple contemplation. Yet whilst Barrès has nothing in common with a romantic naturalism, there are points of contact with the romantics. Coleridge says that there is apparent in Wordsworth a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. It should be even truer of Barrès. There is the same meditative pathos, the deep and subtle sensibility to the past which has so silently and surely moulded the face of nature. Venice has not wanted eloquent pens to describe her glories, but perhaps nowhere has the melancholy beauty of her lagoons been painted with more delicacy than in *Amori et Dolori Sacrum*. His is the spirit of a contemplative seeing in the stones and silent waters a spectacle of antique history of which the ruins are but the evanescent expression. He can distil the subtle glory of a Venetian morning into

a phrase. Who that has seen Burano and Mazzarbo at sunrise can forget? 'Burano au loin émergèrent pareilles à des nymphéas flottant.' Its domes and towers banishing the night as they are bathed in the soft light of the luminous upper air. Yet all his descriptions are in reality moods. Their interest lies in the relation they hold to the nature of man. He is never tempted to lose humanity in the world; rather would he lose the natural aspects of things in mental imagery. The beauty of Venice marches steadily to death. 'It is the funeral song of an old sinner or of the sacrifice of a great virgin. In the morning I hear Iphigenia, but in the warm glow of evening I recall Jezebel.' He has no simple interest in nature. Often he will reveal to you the unsuspected subtleties of a scene, but only because they are allied to the inner development of his own spirit. *La Mort de Venise* contains many beautiful and tender passages, but it is valuable as a description of M. Barrès rather than of Venice; it is a record of emotions. There are moments when his inner spirit is in perfect rapport with the scene he is describing, and then we feel the inevitableness of his work, but there are other times when we feel the thought would have been the same had it been Ravenna or Bokhara. Nature is always submissive to his own egoism—'à combien d'interprétations étranges et émouvantes la nature ne se prête-elle pas, elle qui sait à ses pires, dureté donner les molles courbes de la beauté.' Looking at the desolate margins of a coast constantly laid waste by advancing and receding tides, he sees in it only a type of the surge of the eternal passions upon the sensibilities of man. Or, as the drear country of Aigues-Mortes unfolded itself before him, one feels that it is simply the background for the limning of a soul. When he looks out at night from one of the towers of the little fortified town it is really himself he sees.

Barrès is the *romancier* of a single individual, Maurice Barrès. But he was directed in this by his will to act. He sought to lay a foundation upon which an edifice of will and

purpose could be truly built. Thus his egotism, whilst it is unsparing, is never morbid. His distrust of logical systems and of the intellect generally only impelled him to seek the more thoroughly a satisfactory basis of life. Yet it is in the very elucidation of the *moi* that he becomes a traditionalist. The egoist needs a society. 'No man can make a conscience for himself; he needs a society to make it for him.' Barrès perceived that the true development of the individual lay in gathering up into himself the whole of that part of which society is not the origin, but the conveyancer. The past for the individual is never past. Pater has written of the element of permanence in all true work of genius as manifesting itself in 'a series of elevated points, taking each from each the reflection of a strange light, the source of which is not in the atmosphere around and above them, but in a stage of society remote from ours.' Yet such preparation in society is not general but special. The soul has its ancestors, and it is only in combining our individuality with their peculiar genius that we can realize our own resources. This sense of the past is being constantly thrust up against us, not merely in the narrow limits of human society, but in a deep and unconscious harmony of that society, with its geographical frontiers. The meaning of the past is not simply temporal, manifesting itself in changing and yet recurring realities; it is also regional. The *terre natale* plays its distinctive part in giving that 'conative bend' to our personalities which is perhaps their chief characteristic. 'L'action du ciel lorrain ne peut si vite mourir. J'ai vu à Paris des filles avec les beaux yeux, des marins qui ont longtemps regardé la mer. Elles habitaient simplement Montmartre, mais ce regard, qu'elles avaient hérité d'une longue suite d'ancêtres ballottes sur les flots, ne parut admirable dans les villes. Ainsi quoique jamais je n'ai servi la terre lorraine, j'entrevois au fond de moi des traits singuliers qui ne viennent des vieux laboureurs.'

This conception, which recurs in *L'homme Libre*, *Colette*

Baudouche, is the motive of *Le Jardin de Bérénice* and *Les Déracinés*. In the smile of Petite Secousse amid the sad desolations of Aigues-Mortes he recognized the cumulative force and power of nature and suffering. In that garden, saddened with the tears of that naïve and tender child, is gathered together into a harmonious whole the scattered threads of his interior being. In *Bérénice* he came into contact with a soul which had developed all the genius of her life through a persistent fidelity to traditions and instinctive impulses. In her was seen a reconciliation of our own personality with the racial consciousness. The real impulses of life lie in the subconscious and in the instincts. 'Le seul fait positif, original, profond, c'est l'inconscient aux racines obscures. Dans l'instinct est la seule, l'unique réalité que nous puissions atteindre en cette vie illusoire.'

To the critical mind two difficulties will be apparent. One is that progress necessarily becomes an illusion, and individuality is submerged. Barrès attempts to overcome this by suggesting that what lies in the past is in reality a part of ourselves, and that in our appropriation of that part we are constituted unique personalities. But such uniqueness is only possible if the *moi* contributes some new factor, and in that case personality is not simply augmenting some vague 'surplus' which manifests itself in the subconscious, it is differentiating itself from it, and the uniqueness of the personality will depend upon the strength of such differentiation.

The second criticism is that it is difficult to reconcile the stress laid upon traditionalism with his doctrine of nationalism. For the nationalist movement has not developed through submitting to the strength of the main primitive instincts, which are common human elements, nor to primitive historic traditions, since in the thousand years of modern European history cross-currents of race and disposition have been constantly modifying the idiosyncrasies of clan and tribe. Despite his many efforts to free himself from the

entanglements in which his *Culte de Moi* involves him, it represents a reactionary movement of thought, and it may be questioned if the elaborate edifice erected upon the *moi* is not really an attempt to avoid the realities of the modern world rather than to arrive at a solution of them ; whether the inner contradictions of our souls are not accentuated rather than solved by the arrogant supremacy of the past.

Yet whether one accepts his philosophy or not, he remains one of the greatest of contemporary literary figures. More than any one else he expressed the soul of France, the France which refused to accept defeat upon the Marne, or to acquiesce in that stultification of her nationality which the imperialism of Germany sought to effect. In his passionate sincerity, the quality of his style, the acuteness of his dialectic, he reminds us of Pascal, and if his theory of life is true it may be that there has passed into his intelligence something of the greatness of that enigmatic and unquiet figure who laid the foundations of French prose, and who has never allowed us to disintegrate entirely the past or the present from the inscrutable future.

ARTHUR B. BATEMAN.

‘PILGRIM’S PROGRESS’ AS A SOURCE BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY

THE literary fame of Bunyan’s great allegories is so securely established that at this time of day it would be a work of supererogation to spend any time in arguing the matter. The place of *The Pilgrim’s Progress* and *The Holy War* in world literature is beyond dispute. Equally unchallenged is their claim to a supreme position in the world’s library of devotion. It is not, however, quite so clearly recognized that they also occupy an important place among the source books of English history. It is, of course, little more than a truism to remark that among the most valuable sources whence the historian may gather much necessary information as to the life of the days that are gone are included works that were penned with quite other ends in view, and to the authors of which it certainly never occurred that they were, incidentally, contributing to the history of their own times. This is eminently true in the case of John Bunyan, who, though he certainly never thought of himself as a writer of history, in his great allegories has provided a quarry whence the historian may draw much valuable information concerning the England in which the immortal dreamer lived, and wrought, and suffered. It is the object of the present paper to consider this aspect of Bunyan’s work. We shall, however, for the more part confine ourselves to *The Pilgrim’s Progress* as being by far the more familiar of the two great allegories, leaving it to those of our readers who are so minded to search, on their own account, *The Holy War* for such points of historical information as it liberally supplies.

In pursuing our quest we must not look to find historical information conveyed directly as such. It is by way of observation and inference, together with the exercise of a

little disciplined imagination, that we must expect to accomplish the end which we have in view.

The Pilgrim's Progress is a marvellous portrait gallery, and it is hardly conceivable that some at any rate of the portraits presented therein are not drawn from life, and represent types with which the author had become familiar in his own experience. It is a matter of common knowledge that Bunyan served in the ranks of the Parliamentary army, and took part in the decisive campaign of 1645. So long ago as 1831, in a well-known essay, and again twenty-three years later, in his famous article on Bunyan contributed to the eighth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and which still retains its place in the lately published eleventh edition, Lord Macaulay drew attention to the fact that his experience of military life left an abiding impression upon Bunyan's mind, and finds repeated expression through his pen. Greatheart in *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and among others Captains Boanerges, Credence, and Experience in *The Holy War*, may be regarded, if not as individual portraits, at any rate as types of the better sort of Parliamentary officer—men who could not only strike a shrewd blow upon occasion, but could, if need be, preach an effective sermon, and exhort their men. Valiant for Truth may perhaps be accepted as representative of the highest type of non-commissioned officer in the same service. Study of these military portraits helps one to form a better conception of what the army of the Parliament was really like, and to get a glimpse of the secret of the invincibility of the Ironside squadrons.

Very suggestive is the following picture of the cave 'where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, &c., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learned since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet

alive, he is, by reason of his age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them.' From this passage one may obtain a most interesting peep into the mind of a Protestant Nonconformist of the Restoration period, whence we may infer the point of view from which men of the Bunyan type regarded one of the outstanding questions of the day as far as religious circles were concerned—the menace of Rome. Though no doubt the infamous secret treaty of 1670 had already been concluded when this passage was written, it must have been unknown to the writer. Pagan persecution was obviously a terror of the past, and the present outlook of Popery appeared to be in little better case. In other words, to the Protestant Nonconformist in the eighth decade of the seventeenth century it appeared that, so far as England was concerned, Romanism was a spent force, from which little was to be feared. The renewal of the peril which English Protestantism was destined to confront was evidently utterly unforeseen by the general public within little more than a decade before it was sprung upon the nation by King James II at the cost of his throne. This is one of the most interesting sidelights upon contemporary thoughts and feelings which is to be found in *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

Another significant episode is the pilgrims' encounter with Atheist. At the present day atheism presents no very formidable opposition to the Christian apologist; and even agnosticism is far less obtrusive than it was a generation ago. But in the tainted atmosphere of Restoration London atheism was both fashionable and popular; and in the striking interview between the pilgrims and Atheist the reader of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is assisted to appreciate one of the difficulties with which the more thoughtful Christian believer had to reckon in the latter part of the seventeenth century.

Of quite exceptional interest is the description of Vanity Fair and the happenings there. As he enters the town of Vanity the reader is brought face to face with a feature of old English life, familiar enough, no doubt, to Bunyan and his contemporaries, but one which has almost passed out of mind so far as the present generation is concerned. Though even then they were of somewhat less account than they had been a century, or two centuries, earlier, the great fairs held a place in the economic and commercial life of England in the seventeenth century which it is not altogether easy for us to realize under the entirely changed industrial and economic conditions of the present day. The smallness of the towns, difficulties of transport, and the labour and peril of travel, particularly independent travel, rendered the great fairs of mediaeval and early modern times a practical necessity. Among the better known and more important of the great fairs were those of Stourbridge, Winchester, Westminster, and, of course, Bartholemew Fair, in Smithfield. Fairs were held under royal authority; they had their own Pie Powder Court¹ for the dispensing of justice and maintenance of order during the fair; sometimes as, for instance, in the case of Winchester, the fair had its own Mayor and Bailiff and officers, and a temporary monopoly of trade, business being suspended at Southampton while it was in progress, just as the London shops were bidden to close during the holding of the fair in the neighbouring city of Westminster. The greatest and the longest lived of all the fairs was that of Stourbridge, near Cambridge, of which a lively description by an eyewitness is to be found in so well-known and accessible a work as Defoe's *Tour through the Eastern Counties*. To accommodate the fair there sprang up a great town of booths, with its streets, one of them bearing the name of Cheapside, and its great square, known as the Duddery, in which stood the Court House; with its fifty hackney

¹ *Pied poudré*=dusty foot, i.e., dusty with travel to the fair.

coaches, specially brought down from London for the occasion, and wherries from the Thames doing traffic on the Cam. Thither resorted a multitude of merchants from all parts of the land, a single one of them with goods valued at not less than £20,000 in his spacious tent. Stuffs of all kinds, hops and woollens, ironmongery, brassware and trinkets, jewellery, millinery, and horses were some only of the goods offered for sale. Taverns and puppet-shows, rope-dancers and drolls, catered for refreshment and recreation ; there was an ample supply of all things necessary and of some things that were better done without, so far as eating and drinking and amusement were concerned. Defoe describes Stourbridge Fair as being 'like a fortified city,' and goes on to say, though admittedly on hearsay rather than exact information, that this particular fair 'is not only the greatest in the whole nation, but in the world.'

Bunyan's description of Vanity Fair presents a vivid picture of the general appearance of one of these great fairs, and, transporting his reader back some two and a half centuries, sets him down in the midst of a scene quite characteristic of the life of that time. Like Stourbridge or Winchester, Vanity Fair is arranged townwise, with its streets, its magistracy, its court, and its jail. But in this case the town does not spring up in a night and as rapidly vanish away ; it is permanent, for Vanity Fair is not merely in being for sixteen days or less in the course of a year, but 'is kept all the year long.' No one can read this lively bit of description, more vivid than that of Defoe, without being able to appreciate, more adequately than would be possible otherwise, what a great seventeenth-century fair was actually like. An interesting sidelight upon contemporary English feeling, in contrast with that of some of her neighbours, upon one outstanding religious question of the day is to be found in the comment that 'the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in the fair ; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike

thereto.' This is quite in accord with Bunyan's previous remark with reference to Giant Pope, to which allusion has already been made.

The persecution endured by the pilgrims in *Vanity Fair* reflects with but little exaggeration, though there are one or two lurid touches drawn from Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, the kind of treatment with which the Protestant Nonconformists became all too familiar during the days of reaction from 'the rule of the saints,' which was an immediate sequel of the Restoration of 1660. The trial itself, without any exaggeration at all, presents a fair picture of what went on, as a matter of course, in numberless state trials under the Restoration régime. The judge himself is a partisan, who descends to the rôle of a prosecuting attorney, and brutally browbeats the witnesses for the defence. That this was true to the life the record of contemporary state trials makes abundantly clear. Lord Hategood, unjudicial and cruel as he was, on the whole will be found to compare not unfavourably with Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, to mention one only of a very bad set. What Jeffreys' demeanour on the bench was actually like may be learned from the account of the trial of the great Puritan divine, Richard Baxter, found in Macaulay's *History of England*, to quote one only of the numerous similar trials therein recorded. Bunyan himself experienced something of this sort—a shade less brutal, perhaps—when he stood his trial for preaching at the Bedford Quarter Sessions in January, 1661. It has been conjectured that the original of Lord Hategood was, in matter of fact, Sir John Kelynge, at that time Chairman of Quarter Sessions, later a Justice of King's Bench, and eventually Lord Chief Justice of England. The verdict of Lord Macaulay, written in 1831, will bear repetition: 'The imaginary trial of Faithful, before a jury of personified vices, was just and merciful when compared with that of Alice Lisle before that tribunal where all the vices sat in the person of Jeffreys.'

Shortly after the escape of the surviving pilgrim from

Vanity Fair, Bunyan brings upon the scene a remarkable group of individuals, who strikingly represent a type which was peculiarly characteristic of what passed for religious society among his contemporaries. By-Ends of Fair Speech, his companions Hold-the-World, Money-love, and Save-all, and his kinsmen, who included Lords Turn-about and Time-server, Messrs. Facing-both-ways and Anything, and the parson of the parish, Mr. Two-tongues, were all alike well-known figures of the time. Multitudes of men in Bunyan's London, to whom all religions or no religion were the same, set much store upon religion as a marketable commodity, a convenient source of worldly gain, a stepping-stone to ecclesiastical or political preferment, and increased emolument out of public funds. Such had been, or were shortly to become in turns, Puritan, High Anglican, Papist, or Evangelical, as the interest of the moment might dictate. This utterly unprincipled type was, unhappily, well represented in the ranks of the clergy, and has been inimitably hit off in that familiar old song *The Vicar of Bray*, which presents a picture true to the life. As an illuminating description of the varieties of this type the By-Ends group will repay careful study. Half an hour given to the several individuals of which it is composed will assist the student to understand the spirit that dominated fashionable religious circles in and about the Restoration Courts, and among the politicians of the time, as perhaps nothing else will. In his creation of this group Bunyan has made one of his most notable contributions to our knowledge of the history of that unprincipled and immoral period.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of Vanity Fair it may be worth while to draw attention to the greatly changed conditions prevailing there in the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, as compared with the first. It is still Vanity Fair, a place of ill-repute, but in some important respects it has greatly altered. The old persecuting spirit seems to have disappeared, and it is now possible for decent and godly

folk to reside there without fear. Such, for example, are Mr. Mnason and his daughter Grace, with whom the pilgrims find a home, together with their friends, Messrs. Contrite, Holy-man, Love-saints, Dare-not-lie, and Penitent. Persons of this type cannot be thought of as living unmolested in Vanity Fair as we knew it at first; and the fact of its having now become possible is a measure of the change that has come over the manners and spirit of the town, and in the attitude of the general public towards those who made no secret of their Christian profession. It is difficult to resist the impression that this contrast was intentional, and that the writer had in mind the change effected in the London that he knew by the Declaration of Indulgence of 1672, as far at least as the comfort and safety of Nonconformist residents were concerned. Entirely ignorant, as already observed, of the shameful secret treaty of 1670, quite in the dark as to the sinister plot against the common Protestantism of Conformist and Nonconformist alike, and viewing things from the standpoint of one who had erstwhile been cast into a noisome dungeon for unlawful preaching, but now, as a licensed preacher, enjoyed the right to occupy his pulpit without fear, it cannot but have appeared to the author of *The Pilgrim's Progress* that the capital had undergone a distinct change for the better. London, it is true, was still an unclean city, the great fair was still open and thronged by a crowd of traffickers in vanity, but no longer unsafe for a clean person to live in, or to raise his voice publicly to call his fellow citizens to repentance. Here again, then, we are enabled to look at things through contemporary eyes, the eyes of a devout and intelligent observer.

Gaius and Mnason, the landlords, are distinctly interesting figures; for it is but reasonable to conjecture that they fairly represent the better type of innkeeper, a very important class of public servants in England two and a half centuries ago. A full century has not yet passed since the conditions of travel rendered the wayside inn indispensable to those who

had to move from place to place. The coming of the railway has, of course, altered all that; but some of the fine old hostelries still existing, commodious far beyond any present requirement, serve as a reminder of that old England which has so completely passed away, and of a time when the traveller from London to Exeter, or Manchester, or York would require, as a matter of course, one or two nights' sleeping accommodation *en route*. Our pilgrims, like other contemporary travellers, required such entertainment, and Gaius and Mnason meet their need as 'mine host' of the wayside hostelry. The point of especial interest in this connexion is the relation of host and guest as pictured in *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Gaius welcomes the travellers as a friend might receive his own private guests; he personally entertains them at table, showing a kindly interest in their affairs, and advising with them on the most intimate family matters. The travellers are in the fullest sense made to feel that they are sojourning among friends who have their welfare and comfort at heart. Mr. Mnason, of Vanity Fair, in equal degree shows himself to be a real friend to his guests. Bunyan could hardly have painted his innkeepers in these very pleasing colours without any reference to the actualities of life as he saw it. Innkeepers no doubt differed widely one from another, as do the individuals of which any class is composed; some no doubt were more cordial and kindly, some less so. But the portraits of Gaius and Mnason make it practically certain that among the innkeepers of England were a fair proportion who strove to make their houses a home away from home for the travellers who sought their hospitality. This presents a pleasing picture of at any rate one feature of old English life, a business arrangement sweetened and humanized by personal interest and friendly relations.

When Christiana left the House Beautiful it will be remembered that she gave the porter a gold angel in acknowledgement of his kindness. This raises a small point, but

one not altogether devoid of interest. The angel was a gold coin introduced from France into England by Edward IV in 1465. It varied in amount from six shillings and eightpence to ten shillings between the date of issue and its last coinage in 1634. Its obverse bore the figure of the Archangel Michael slaying the dragon, whence its name. The angel, it will be noted, had ceased to be minted in England some half-century before *The Pilgrim's Progress* was written. But Christiana's gift strongly suggests, though perhaps it can hardly be said to prove, that in the last quarter of the seventeenth century the gold angel, though no longer minted in England, was still a current coin.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to establish the thesis that, in addition to its universally admitted titles to be held in everlasting remembrance by readers of every nation and of all times, *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a book to be reckoned with by historical students as one which throws some interesting sidelights upon a striking and important epoch in the history of the English nation.

W. ERNEST BEET.

THE GREATEST OF THE SEVEN SAGES OF EARLY GREECE

SOLON, the famous Athenian statesman, was the son of Execestides, of the house of Codrus, his mother being the cousin of the mother of the tyrant Pisistratus. Born in 639 B.C., and dying in 559, he was in turn merchant, traveller, soldier, and legislator. The ancients reckoned him as the greatest of the Seven Sages of Greece. He was a man of considerable culture and enlightenment, and his verses breathe a spirit of sympathy with the oppressed, as well as a fine and broadminded patriotism. When Attica was torn by civil dissensions he was made archon, with dictatorial powers; for he had won the confidence of all parties by his wisdom and fairness. The celebrated 'Solonian Constitution' was a most remarkable attempt to remove the prevailing miseries and prevent their recurrence. In early (?) life he wrote erotic and light verses, but later his tone was more serious. These later poems were really political pamphlets, in which he endeavoured to influence the minds of the people on public questions. Others were ethical elegies, in which his purpose was the serious one of inculcating such precepts of moral wisdom as his wide experience and habits of observation and reflection had taught him. There are extant only about 290 lines in all, although Diogenes Laertius says he wrote 5,000 verses about Salamis and the Constitution of Athens alone.

As a poet he is not to be compared with Alcaeus, Sappho, and Archilochus, beside whom his lines are dull, hard, and lacking in imagination. But since as yet there was no prose literature in existence, perforce he had to express his thoughts in verse. As historical documents his fragments are of immense value.

The poetry of Solon shows us a man of more than a little

religious feeling. Plutarch tells that he was guided by the oracles of the Delphian Apollo and his priests, for the help of whom he urged on the holy war against the Crisan violators of the sacred lands. To him one of the marks of the wicked man was that he spared not the sacred endowments.¹ He ordered that sacrilege be punished by death (Plutarch). Among his most famous sayings was: 'Honour the gods.' According to Plutarch, it was Zeus whom he invoked when he put his laws into verse: 'First let us pray to King Zeus, son of Kronos, to grant to these laws success and renown.'

It is clear that to Solon 'fortune' was not a person, as in the earlier poet Alcman, but a thing, the gift of God. 'Fate' also is no person. He writes of the 'destiny from Zeus' or 'destiny from the gods.' The gifts of fate are the same as the gifts of the gods. The gods are omnipotent and omniscient. Men are dependent upon them for everything in life, whether good or ill. From these gifts of the immortals, no matter how galling, there is no escape; 'It is fate that brings good and evil to man; nor can the gifts of the immortals be refused.' Sacrifice and augury are of no avail. Man is helpless in the irresistible grip of arbitrary deity.

Solon's prayers are of the usual material order—honour, success, safe voyage, happiness, ability to reward friends and harm enemies, righteous wealth, &c.

God is the rewarder of the righteous and the punisher of the wicked. Ill-gotten gains contain all the seeds of divinely-appointed retribution. Wealth, to be secure and joy-giving, must be justly won. He clearly distinguishes between the riches given by God and the ruin-bringing wealth obtained by pride and wrong. 'Justice, though keeping silent, knows both what is and what has been, and in time surely comes to take vengeance.' 'Zeus watches over the end in all things,' and his vengeance is like a

¹ For the passages quoted see the *Anthologia Lyrica* of Hiller-Crusius.

devastating tornado. Following this last passage are lines which, as Zeller points out, show that he has passed somewhat beyond the older anthropomorphic idea of God to a purer and higher conception: 'Such is the vengeance of Zeus. He is not like men, quick to anger at every offence.' Divine and human wrath are alien. And he continues that God 'will not always ignore him who has a sinful heart, but will surely reveal him in the end. One pays the penalty immediately, another after. If the guilty escape and the doom of the gods overtake them not, it will surely fall afterwards; the innocent will suffer for the guilty, their children or their descendants after them.' This last passage is notable in that Solon gives expression to the thought that children may be punished for the sins of their parents, while the latter may altogether escape. Behind the idea is the thought of the unity of the family, living or dead.

It is evident that Solon did not protest against the suffering of the innocent for the guilty, or charge God with injustice directly. Nevertheless, there are signs that he was beginning to feel the pressure of some of the problems of human suffering and divine providence, and that these were causing him disquietude.¹ We find him already reflecting on the fact that under God's method of retribution some of the innocent had to bear the punishment rightly belonging to the guilty. True, in one passage the tone is one of exultant faith in deity as the special guardian of the state, as Demosthenes (*De Fals. Leg.*, 254), who preserved this poem, pointed out: 'Our city will never perish by the decree of Zeus or the will of the blessed immortals, for high-souled Pallas Athena, daughter of a mighty sire, holds her guardian hands above us.' In the same poem he recognizes that the state which the gods desire to protect may be

¹ He could hardly have gone so far as the writer of 1 Kings xi. 12 and xxi. 29, where it is said that the divine mercy is shown by postponing the punishment of a sinner until after his death and allowing it to fall upon his son.

ruined by the citizens themselves, and in another passage he takes the citizens to task for wrongly blaming the gods for their ills: 'If you are afflicted on account of your own wickedness, lay not the blame of your distresses upon the gods.' Yet his conception of deity could not preserve his heart in quietness and confidence. The feeling cannot be suppressed that all is not well in the divine government of the world. 'Many wicked men are rich and good men poor.' Goodness is no guarantee of the divine blessing of prosperity; 'He who tries to do good, falls unwittingly into great calamity, while to one who does wrong God grants success and escape from the consequences of his folly.' Solon is also oppressed by human ignorance and inability to penetrate the divine plan for man: 'The mind of the immortals is wholly hidden from men.' The inscrutability of the ways of deity leaves men completely ignorant of the knowledge enabling them to order their lives for the best. The issues of all undertakings are thus uncertain. Man walks in the dark. Success does not necessarily follow the most careful planning: 'Uncertainty attends on every work, and no one knows, when a matter begins, where he is likely to land.'

Although in the extant fragments of his poems the statesman does not directly charge deity with envy and malignity, he does speak of the avenging Ate, the daemon whom Zeus sends to lead men astray into inconsiderate and sinful deeds. Further, in the story of his conversation with Croesus narrated in Herodotus—a conversation which, although legendary in detail, may well preserve what the historian knew to harmonize with the spirit of Solon's teaching—the great Athenian is set down as saying that he was one who knew 'that the Power above us is full of jealousy and fond of troubling our lot.'

With respect to his doctrine of sin, he teaches that undue prosperity (*ὀλβος*) breeds surfeit, pride of strength (*κόρος*); surfeit produces wanton insolence (*ὕβρις*); and insolence in turn begets destruction (*ἄρη*). Attention has often

been called to the fact that in Solon, as in Homer, sin originates in an infatuated intellect rather than in a depraved will. It is intellectual folly rather than moral wickedness. But while the distinction is drawn between the wealth bestowed by God and that unjustly attained by the efforts of the wicked, yet in the same fragment the very gains which lead to the appearance of Ate are God-given. And so, while he may remonstrate with the Athenians for blaming God for the consequences of their own wrong-doing, logically the gods are held, in the last resort, responsible for human sin.

As to his outlook on life and his ethical and social ideals, the remains show us a man of keen moral sensibility in many respects. He embodies the ideal of excellence as it appealed to the early Greek mind. Sometimes Solon can strike the note of optimism. Mark his fine faith in an overruling providence. While many a wicked man prospers and good men are poor, nevertheless, in the long run, the possession of virtue is better than ill-gotten wealth, since it stands ever sure. Still, as he reflects on human life pessimism is uppermost. The divine dealings fill him with gloom: 'No mortal man is happy, but all whom the sun beholds are miserable.' In the story of his conversation with Croesus, told by Herodotus and Plutarch, he is reported as saying: 'Man is altogether the sport of chance'; 'The vicissitudes of life suffer us not to be elated by any present good fortune, or to admire that felicity which is liable to change. Futurity carries for every man many various and uncertain events in its bosom'; 'We ought to consider in every matter how the end will be; for many to whom God has given a glimpse of happiness he afterwards has utterly overthrown.' Herodotus was near enough to the time of Solon to catch his spirit. Even hopes are evil illusions.

So think we, good and bad, we mortal men;

We dream of bliss until we suffer ill;

We suffer, and we sorrow; but till then

With empty hopes our open mouths we fill.

—Conington's tr.

Even though man meet with good fortune, beloved youth passes all too quickly. As life proceeds inescapable death and wretched old age draw ever nearer. All Solon's wisdom cannot lift him above the common Greek conception of old age. He can take Mimnermus to task for expressing the wish to die at sixty, and he desires to be eighty before he himself is laid low; but the close of his poem on the septennates of life and his definition of the happy man (quoted below), all have behind them the thought of old age as a thing of hate and horror, inasmuch as it takes away comeliness, health of mind and body, and destroys all the powers of enjoyment which make life worth living.

His ideals are such as the following. He prays for a happy life, a good reputation among men, to be sweet to friends and bitter to foes. He desires wealth, but no ill-gotten gains. For the latter he would not exchange virtue. The famous 'nothing in excess' is attributed to him. Foremost among the virtues is that of moderation. As he grows in years he grows in learning. There is an accent of blame in the reference to men as quick to anger at each offence. He would like to die, not unmourned, but lamented by his friends. His experience had taught him that bards may lie; that the craving is insatiable for the riches which must be left behind at death; and that unjustly obtained wealth spells ultimate ruin. Calenus quotes a saying of Sappho: 'For he that is beautiful is good so far as to look upon, but he that is good will forthwith be beautiful as well,' and adds that Solon also identified the beautiful with the good. In Herodotus—the stories of Tellus, &c.—we find that to the lawgiver the constituents of human happiness were sufficiency of worldly goods, health, comeliness, fair and good children, and a death ending a life free from the deprivation of these blessings.

Solon was also reputed to be the author of certain maxims popular among the Greeks in later times. There is much doubt as to their authenticity, but some may well be his.

At any rate, they show what those very near to Solon's own day thought to be in keeping with his spirit. It will be best, therefore, to quote them. They may be found in Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, Stobaeus, and others.

Watch well each separate citizen,
Lest having in his heart of hearts
A secret speech, one still may come
Saluting you with cheerful face,
And utter with a double tongue
The feigned good wishes of his wary mind.

—42 in *Bergk*.

'Never speak falsely'; 'Pay attention to matters of importance'; 'Get not friends quickly, but when you have got them, do not reject them'; 'Rule after you have first learnt to submit to rule'; 'Advise not what is most agreeable but what is best'; 'Make reason your guide'; 'Do not associate with the wicked'; 'Respect your parents.' When his son died he was filled with sorrow. 'You do no good by weeping,' some one said. He replied, 'But that is the very reason why I weep.' 'Consider your honour as a gentleman of more weight than an oath'; 'Flee the pleasure which breeds pain'; 'If you expect others to render correct accounts, be ready to submit your own'; 'Be not insolent'; 'Conjecture the obscure from the manifest'; 'Act piously towards friends'; 'Succour friends'; 'Envy none'; 'Sustain the truth'; 'Swear not'; 'Obey the laws'; 'Think justly'; 'Govern thy wrath'; 'Praise virtue'; 'Hate the wicked'; 'Reach after goodness'; 'Use force against enemies, but be ashamed so to do to those at home'; 'Do not tell what you do not see, and when you know keep silent'; 'Treat friends well when present, when absent speak well of them'; 'Fortune is unstable'; 'No fool is able to keep silence in a drinking party.' He censured a man for dicing, who replied that he played for little. Whereupon he said, 'But the habit is not little.' When he was spat upon by someone, and bore the affront with equanimity, on that account he was blamed. He

said, 'Are, then, fishers to abide being sprayed by the sea to catch a coby, while I am not to be patient to endure the same to be a fisher of men?' 'Speak not to tyrants at all or what is useful to them.' 'Equality causes no war'; 'Friendships are best formed at home.' After attending certain dramatic representations, he was indignant at such stage-falsehoods, saying with heat that if such fictions were encouraged, untruth quickly would find its way into contracts and agreements.

Naturally, many of his reputed sayings are the product of his experience as a statesman: 'As much as iron can effect in war, so can well-handled speech prevail in a state'; 'That city is best modelled where those who are not injured are no less ready to prosecute and punish offenders than those who are'; 'That state is best in which the good are honoured and the bad punished, and where the citizens obey the rulers, and the rulers the laws.'

Returning now to his certainly genuine fragments, we notice that he is well aware of the evils wrought in a state by the avarice of leaders or people, and how these hinder the work of reform. Arrogant and rapacious leaders involve the state in anarchy, and lead to poverty, slavery, and exile. Moderate counsels are best. Quietness is needed. Above all, there must be good order, which

The public weal maintains,
Curbs wicked men with penance and with chains.
How she can tame the wild, the proud put low!
And wither mischief ere to strength it grow!
How straighten crooked justice, and assuage
The might of passion and unruly rage!
Under her sway confusion, discord cease,
And men abide in fellowship and peace.

—C. R. Kennedy, tr.

Solon detested oppression, whether that of the single tyrant or the nobles. He sees clearly and denounces the evils arising from such. On the other hand, he had no patience with the extreme revolutionary. Hence he satisfied

neither party. He ever sought to steer a middle course : 'I gave the common folk as much strength as is enough, neither less nor more than their due meed ; but as to those who had rule, and the splendour of wealth, to them also I gave counsel, even that they should not uphold cruelty. I took my stand ; I spread my strong shield over both, and suffered neither to prevail by wrong.' 'I set myself as a landmark between two armed bands.' He would not govern with too tight a rein. The middle course is best. As Plutarch writes : 'He did not make any concessions on behalf of the powerful, nor in the framing of his laws did he indulge the humour of his constituents.' He saw that the duty of the true patriot was to seek a remedy for the state evils, and, if needful, to take up arms for the empire. And although he might have made himself tyrant in Athens, his soul was too righteous for this, even if he ever felt tempted so to do.

As to the laws he enacted, the reader must consult a good history of Greece or the pages of Plutarch. Those only are here mentioned which throw some light upon his ideals. Among his reported sayings was : 'Laws are like cobwebs, which hold fast anything light and insignificant, but when anything greater comes in it, it bursts through and is gone.' He realized that his laws were but a compromise, for when asked if they were the very best for the people, he answered : 'The best they are capable of receiving.' He showed a certain sympathy with the poor as well as an impatience with the cruelty and rapacity of the ruling classes. While he was not so much a leader of the poor as a mediator seeking to heal the running sores of his country, he can be truly called 'the discoverer of the secret of democracy.' He set aside the Draconian legislation for laws more humane. He cancelled all mortgages and debts in which the debtor's person had been pledged, and proclaimed that all slaves for debt were free. He gave the poorest classes some power over the state officials and legislation. To safeguard against tyranny he compelled every citizen to take one or the other

side in the party struggles, under pain of loss of civil rights. He dealt strictly with idleness. Various sumptuary laws stand to his credit. Rape and seduction were punished by fines, procuration by death. Ill-speaking of both living and dead was forbidden. Maimed soldiers were to be kept at the public expense. Archons taken in liquor were to be put to death. He believed in the *lex talionis*. Deserters and those who ill-treated parents were forbidden the marketplace. Condoning the adultery of a wife was regarded as infamous. Habitually licentious persons were forbidden to speak or propose decrees in the public assemblies (Demosthenes, xxii. 30). No adulteress was to adorn herself or assist at the public sacrifices. The wealth of orphans was carefully guarded. All acts were invalid done under the influence of a woman (Demosthenes, xlviii. 57). He set himself against mercenary and venal marriages. Honourable wedlock was exalted. Unions should be cemented by the endearment of children and every other instance of love and friendship.

According to the comic poet Philemon, Solon, in order to restrain the unbridled passions of youth, provided state brothels.¹ No son, daughter, or sister could be sold into slavery except when either of the latter were taken in unchastity before marriage. Offenders against the laws who were official persons and political leaders were to be brought to punishment more quickly than private individuals (Demosthenes, xxvi. 4). 'And the legal maxim, "Take not up that which thou hast not laid down" (Plato, *Laws*, viii. 844e, xi. 913c), is said to be borrowed from the Solonian legislation' (Jowett's *Plato*, v. 511). Note also the emphasis on justice, more prominent than in any previous writer. There is more than a touch of the Hebrew prophet about lines (already quoted) with respect to the divinity of Dike.

¹ Professor L. Campbell, *Religion in Greek Literature*, p. 236, refuses to believe this on the authority of a comic poet.

One would fain stop here, but it is clear from certain fragments that Solon was addicted to bodily indulgence, and even the degrading paederastia. Apuleius well calls '*ille lascivissimus versus*.' Plutarch finds it necessary to defend and excuse Solon for his sensuality. It may be, as some think, that these verses were written when young, before experience made him more serious. Some of his laws seem to point in this direction. One of the fragments also seems to suggest this. On the other hand, as Mahaffy says, there are many features in his legislation which show that he made large allowance in his philosophy for sensual pleasures. Plutarch long ago wrote of his laws concerning rape and seduction as absurd by reason of the smallness of the fines inflicted. Nothing shows more clearly the moral state of the Solonian age than the fact that the poems of Solon, who 'was the embodiment of the ideal of intellectual and moral excellence among the early Greeks,' were not free from sensuality of the grossest description. We know that paederastia had its nobler side. Solon and others reveal the baseness to which it often led.

HARRY RANSTON.

CHANGED RELIGIOUS CONCEPTIONS AS REFLECTED IN POETRY

IT is often lamented in certain quarters that little religious poetry is being written to-day ; and superficially viewed, the statement is unquestionably true. In journals of a 'popular' type, of course, religious verse of a sentimental kind continues here and there to be printed and read. But so far as the more intellectual periodicals are concerned, the religious poem, if we accept the word 'religious' in the conventional sense, has almost completely disappeared ; and when, by a rare exception, it does appear, it is because it has some special literary quality that commends it to the modern editor, not because of, but in spite of, its religious note. In days not very remotely past, poems would not seldom gain acceptance by some of the better-class journals by very reason of their religious glow or grace. But a consistent scanning of such journals to-day would show that the poetry of praise and prayer, as these words were understood by generations gone by, no longer finds a ready place in their pages. At first sight there might seem to be ground here for regret, and more than regret. Since poetry is a mirror in which the life of any age finds its truest reflection, the fact that the 'religious' poem is nowadays the worst drug upon the literary market might be taken to indicate that religion, at any rate among the more intelligent section of the community, has lost its hold upon the mind and heart. But, for ourselves, we believe this to be but a hasty and false reading of the actual situation, and our conviction in this matter has been strengthened by a study of a new anthology of religious poetry that lies before us.¹

In this volume Mr. Crosse has made an admirable selection

¹ *Every Man's Book of Sacred Verse*. Edited with notes, by Gordon Crosse. (Mowbray & Co.) 4s. 6d. and 6s. net.

of English sacred verse from the Middle Ages to the present day. If (probably on account of copyright difficulties) he has included comparatively few poems by contemporary writers, those few are at least thoroughly representative, and enable us quite adequately to see the present in relation to the past; and the peculiar interest of the book, as of all good anthologies of this kind, lies just in the fact that it does help us to do that. We are glad to have, for their own sake, so many familiar and little-known poems brought within the compass of a single handy volume. The collection, however, has not only a poetic but an historical value; for, more clearly than tomes of formal, dry-as-dust description could do, it reveals the changes that have worked themselves into the popular conception of religion during the centuries.

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What, then, has been the nature of those changes? Or, first of all, are we justified in calling them mere 'changes'? Here we come at once to the crux of our subject, and, it is to be feared, into direct conflict with those who still cling to the letter of the older Evangelicalism. For if one fact emerges more clearly than another from even a hasty perusal of the anthology, it is this: that, if poetry be indeed a trustworthy index, it shows the older Evangelicalism to have lost completely its influence upon the more thinking classes of our people. Those who still assert that religion is primarily a matter of belief, who retain the old view of the Atonement, and focus their minds rather upon a world to come than upon the present life on earth, would, where we have used the word 'changes,' substitute the word 'decline.' They would deny that most of the modern poems in the anthology have any sort of claim to inclusion in a volume of 'sacred' verse; and 'if,' they would argue, 'such poems are truly representative of contemporary verse, then we can find in them but another reflection of the fact that religion has dwindled, if not almost wholly perished, in our midst.' With such as hold that view we ourselves must (albeit in charity) part

company. For, so far from religion having declined, we believe that there was never more of the true spirit of it in the world than there is to-day, and we think that any open-minded reader, carefully turning the pages of Mr. Crosse's anthology, will himself be fortified in that assurance.

Mr. Crosse opens his volume with a selection of mediaeval lyrics, many of which had been handed down by tradition or in manuscripts now lost before attaining their present form after the time of Chaucer. Some of them are of a haunting beauty and tenderness :

He came all so still
To His mother's bower,
Like dew in April
That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still
There His mother lay,
Like dew in April
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden
Was never none but she ;
Well might such a lady
Goddess mother be.

To attempt to analyse so airy and exquisite a thing would seem to be almost sacrilege—which is only another way of saying that there is really nothing to analyse. Beautiful as the poem is, its beauty lies wholly in the tenderness of its fancy ; it has no substance of idea or emotion. And in that it is characteristic of almost all the mediaeval songs. That their writers often showed a fine artistic sensibility cannot be disputed ; but they reveal little spiritual perception or passion or idealism. Their fancy turned naturally to religious themes, because the Church was the mother of learning and of the arts, and because in those very simple days there were few other themes, except love, that could

engage the muse. In our own highly complicated civilization there are innumerable objects and interests with which a playful fancy may toy. But it was not so in the Middle Ages; and that is a fact which should never be forgotten when, because its poets wrote more habitually about God and heaven and hell, we are inclined to think that mediaeval England was more religious than is the England of to-day. It may have been more religious in the very superficial sense that we have suggested, to which must be added the further consideration that superstition and the authority of Church and State also played an important part in making religion, at any rate nominally, a matter of general concern among the people. But it is not to be imagined that the mass of the people was religious in the deeper, fuller sense in which we now understand the word. There is certainly no evidence of this in mediaeval poetry.

The note of tender fancy that marked the religious songs of the Middle Ages is carried on, through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by singers like William Dunbar, Robert Southwell, Thomas Campion, John Donne, William Drummond, George Wither, Robert Herrick, and George Herbert. Sometimes, it is true, a deeper undertone is momentarily heard, as in Edmund Spenser :

Such mercy He by His most holy rede
 Unto us taught, and to approve it true,
 Ensampled it by His most righteous deed,
 Shewing us mercy (miserable crew !)
 That we the like should to the wretches shew,
 And love our brethren, thereby to approve
 How much Himself that lovèd us we love.

But that note, with its stray hint that Christianity should spell fellowship, is heard very rarely indeed in the earlier pages of English poetry. And even when we come to the organ-voiced Milton himself, and to poets like Crashaw and Cowley and Vaughan, though we find fancy developing into

imagination, and solid thought now mingling itself therewith, we have little prophecy of the truth, now so widely proclaimed, that Christianity is, of its very nature, a social religion. Until the days of Charles Wesley, the religious poems in our language, when they were not merely pretty songs, were poems of individualistic mysticism, of rapturous adoration or holy contemplation ; and, when a sterner chord was struck, it was still, almost without exception, a merely personal one. God appeared, as it were, as a great Power outside the universe, and He had not so much to be loved, and His will discovered and obeyed in the daily round, as to be propitiated by praise or supplication. Religion was mainly a matter of belief, and, though forms and ceremonies must be observed in God's honour, they need have little influence upon normal conduct. Religion, in a word, was embraced rather in the hope of personal reward in a future world than from any sense of duty towards humanity in this. Hear, for example, the Elizabethan poet, George Sandys :

Saviour of mankind, Man, Emmanuel,
 Who sinless died for sin, who vanquished hell ;
 The first-fruits of the grave ; whose life did give
 Light to our darkness ; in whose death we live ;
 O strengthen Thou my faith, correct my will,
 That mine may Thine obey ; protect me still,
 So that the latter death may not devour
 My soul sealed with Thy seal. So in the hour
 When Thou, whose body sanctified the tomb,
 Unjustly judged, a glorious Judge shall come
 To judge the world with justice, by that sign
 I may be known, and entertained for Thine.

The poet, it will be observed, does pray that his will may be attuned to God's. But we feel that the prayer is not a disinterested, and therefore not a very deep, one ; it springs from self-regard, not out of the spontaneity of love.

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It is not until we come to Charles Wesley that we encounter

something quite different. It is true that even in Wesley the personal note is still dominant. But here, in the mighty 'Wrestling Jacob,' we are face to face with a man to whom at least religion is a consuming passion, who is afire in every fibre of his being with a divine glow that bursts now and then into spontaneous and rapturous flame :

'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! Thou diedst for me !
 I hear the whisper in my heart !
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
 Pure universal Love Thou art !
 To me, to all, Thy bowels move ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love !

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
 Through faith I see Thee face to face,
 I see Thee face to face, and live :
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature and Thy name is Love !

This is a far cry from the pretty fancies of the mediaevalists or the winsome 'conceits' of Herbert and Vaughan ; it is, from the religious point of view, a far cry even from the gorgeous rhetoric of Milton's 'Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.' We feel that Wesley was the voice of even greater things than he himself knew. In his verse we do indeed seem to see 'the shadows flee,' and at last, in William Blake, writing in the early phase of the Industrial Revolution, the light of a social gospel first shines out in splendour upon the page :

And did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green ?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen ?
 And did the Countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic mills ?

Bring me my bow of burning gold !
Bring me my arrows of desire !
Bring me my spear ! O clouds unfold !
Bring me my chariot of fire !
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor let the sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

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The religious poetry of the nineteenth century is so comparatively well known that reference to it here may be brief. The century produced its wistful and gentle mystics, who, loyal to the old tradition, went their own way, undisturbed by the great political, social, and scientific upheavals around them. But on the poetry of the period as a whole those upheavals had naturally a profound influence. In the first place there was the growing idea of human brotherhood, kindled by the French Revolution ; secondly, there were the palpable social evils that sprang up with the growth of the factory system ; and, thirdly, there was the shattering blow dealt, as it then seemed, by Darwin to the whole citadel of religious truth. These influences worked in many and intricate ways, but their main combined effect was to bring religion down from the clouds to the solid earth, and poetry duly reflected that stupendous change. The finer spirits among men began to realize that an autocratic and absentee God, enthroned in some distant heaven, was quite inadequate to the needs of a world groaning in such travail, and that religion must have a message for time as well as for eternity. They began, therefore, to look for God, and to find Him, in the world around them. They came to see hints of Him in the eyes of their fellow men, and to discover the very heart of Him in service for their kind. Thus they turned from mere contemplation and adoration, and, as they did so, the distinctive note of adoration was increasingly lost—to the regret only of such as cannot see that the cloistered rapture of the mediaevalist is a very small thing indeed compared

with the agony of pain and indignation that pulses through Mrs. Browning's 'The Cry of the Children.' As the growing intricacy of life revealed the complexity of human needs, so men's conception of God broadened and deepened. He came to be regarded less as a King, to be propitiated by formal worship and ceremonial; He began to be recognized as an indwelling Spirit. Tennyson found Him at work in the natural laws of the universe; and, while he proclaimed that 'God fulfils Himself in many ways,' Browning, with his keen penetration of sympathy, showed Him actually so fulfilling Himself in the hearts of men and women of varied and not always outwardly respectable types. And though the mystical note was not lost, its tone was radically changed, until Francis Thompson brought heaven down into the very hubbub of Charing Cross.

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As we come to our own day, the specifically religious note in poetry fades more and more. Mr. Crosse could, if he had so chosen, have included passages from Mr. Noyes and other poets, and from Mr. Masfield's 'The Everlasting Mercy,' which might have seemed to belie that statement; but probably he deliberately excluded them as being less truly representative of contemporary verse. It must, of course, be admitted that much of the poetry of our own time lacks even an implicit religious significance, for the war has clouded with cynicism some of the best among our younger minds. That this, however, is but a temporary phase we may hope and believe. And, in any case, there is ample verse of to-day which, though it lack all the old hall-marks of conventional religion, is, in our opinion, rightly interpreted by Mr. Crosse as being 'sacred':

Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span,
Laugh, and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man. . . .

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Our forefathers, could they read these stirring lines of Mr. Masfield, would be amazed, and perhaps not a little scandalized, to find them in a book of 'religious' verse; and to make excessive religious claims for them would, needless to say, be false. Yet, with their fine atmosphere of fellowship and crusade, and their insistence upon what Stevenson called the 'great task of happiness,' do they not contain more of the essential Christian spirit than all the mystical contemplation or adoration of centuries past? And where in the earlier sections of the anthology before us can be found anything remotely like the golden music of pity that rings through Mr. Ralph Hodgson's 'The Bells of Heaven'?

'Twould ring the bells of heaven
The wildest peal for years,
If parson lost his senses
And people came to theirs,
And he and they together
Knelt down with angry prayers
For tamed and shaggy tigers
And dancing dogs and bears,
And wretched, blind pit ponies,
And little hunted hares.

There we have a tenderness of fancy equal to that of the mediaeval songs. But the tenderness is no longer merely in the fancy itself; the poem is aflame with a passionate tenderness of mind and heart; the whole soul of a man, seeking not his own personal advantage, is in it. St. Francis called the birds and the beasts his brothers; and Jesus Christ, more compassionate even than he, said that 'not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father.' It is not, surely, doing violence to the divine words to suggest that, in reading Mr. Hodgson's poem, we are reminded of

Christ's saying in the parable : ' Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

As we compare contemporary verse with that of earlier times, there are, indeed, other words of Christ that come into the mind : ' Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father.' In this necessarily hasty survey we have tried to show that, if poetry has increasingly lost the deliberately religious tone—the tone of official and formal reverence—it has come nearer and nearer in spirit to the sacred heart of things. We would not, of course, be understood to infer that, vital as it is, the social element in religion is the only element that counts. We do not doubt that in the future poetry will find again a devotional note. But it will be a new and a fuller note. In the meanwhile, viewing the past and the present, we submit that a great advance in spiritual conceptions and values is indicated by the fact that our modern poets, reflecting the thought of their time, are ceasing to regard ' religion ' as a thing apart, a thing of the cloister and of ceremonial, and are coming to find it, instead, in the most commonplace things and the lowliest duties of everyday life.

GILBERT THOMAS.

A COUNTRY PARSON OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

IT is a far cry from Norfolk to the Highlands of Craven. To this day Malhamdale is somewhat isolated, except that the char-a-banc has revealed some of its glories to the town-dwellers of Lancashire.

Here the dialect is softer than it is lower down the dale—more akin to the speech of Westmorland. But even so it is as different from 'the way they talk down London way' (which means England south of the Trent) as Dane differs from Saxon; no great source of surprise when we remember the stock from which the Dalesmen spring. When the Abbot of West Dereham invited Brother John Dytton in 1447 to act as his vicarius and agent at Kirkby in Malhamdale, Ministers of Education had not yet attempted to force upon north-country children the foreign language regarded as King's English only because the Court preferred Richmond-on-Thames to Richmond-on-Swale; yet even now, in spite of Local Education Authorities, the southerner is more at sea among the people here than the descendants of the Vikings. It would therefore be interesting to be transplanted for a moment into the fifteenth century to discover what those Yorkshire folk thought of their East-Anglian parson and his idiosyncrasies. They are by nature a phlegmatic race, and only on rare occasions do they allow their inner feelings to rise to the surface; but, even so, it must be a matter of some doubt whether they could have resisted the temptation to smile when they heard for the first time that melodious intonation which distinguishes the Norfolk breed, especially when his voice runs up the scale in search of the note of interrogation. Life at a public school rubs off many corners, but it seldom succeeds in eliminating the more subtle peculiarities of the mother tongue; still less would life in a local monastery five hundred

years ago tend to rob Brother John of his East-Anglian tone. Had Hogarth been alive we might have discovered whether the congregation could keep their faces straight. Yet, whatever his parishioners may have thought of the new parson's voice, the fact remains that he lived among them long enough for them to get used to it. For thirty-five years he ministered to their spiritual needs, and let us hope that he finally succeeded in winning their confidence and affection. They have warm hearts, and it counts for much when the babies whom the parson christens come to him in after years to get wed and in due course ask him to baptize their bairns. Under such circumstances even a 'foreigner' becomes a friend.

In one respect he was a fortunate man. To-day it is a tedious journey from Norfolk to Craven; but motors and corridor trains have spoiled us. Our brother from West Dereham, however, had the supreme luck to be living within easy distance of the Roman road which linked Norwich with Ermin Street, and we may well believe that some at least of the brethren who gathered at the Abbey gate to bid him God-speed envied the man who was going to see something of the great wide world. M. Jusserand has told us enough about English wayfaring life in the Middle Ages to set our imagination running wild in drawing pictures of incidents on the road. But so holy a man as a Canon Regular would not have to bear the racket of evenings spent at wayside inns with such a wealth of religious houses where he would find himself a welcome guest.

Yet why spend time inventing imaginary happenings when facts can speak for themselves? Ask the kindly keeper of manuscripts at the British Museum for Add. roll 82957; spread it out, and there before your very nose stands the real John Dytton, Canon of the Premonstratensian Order, lately Brother of the Abbey of our Lady of West Dereham, now Vicar of the church and parish of Kirkby Malhamdale.

The first glance reveals a man who could do what many of us cannot—he knew how to write a dainty hand. The parchment is stained and discoloured with age, but the ink has stood the test of time, and every letter, every flourish, is evidence enough that the writer had a firm and delicate touch. If it was his hand which painted the skeleton on the west wall of his church, and added 'Memento Mori' as its interpretation, then we may believe that he had learnt to handle the brush in the scriptorium of his Abbey with the same skill with which he used the pen in rendering his annual accounts to the Lord Abbot. It were some comfort to him in his exile if the hours spent in bending over his manuscript set him dreaming of home, and cheated him into believing that he was still among old friends in his native cloister.

How full of human nature this document is! Look at this second paragraph: 'Item respondit de oblacionibus inventis in pixide Sanctae Mariae, vjd. In pixide Sanctae Sythe, iiij*s*. ijd.' Often and often Brother John had sat eating in silence in the refectory at West Dereham while the lives of the saints were being read to remind those men of God that to satisfy the hunger of the soul comes before filling the empty chasm in the neighbourhood of the girdle. Of course, an East-Anglian worthy of the name knows the story of St. Osyth, done to death by the Danes; and now among his Danish-speaking parishioners he would not waste the golden opportunity of 'rubbing it in' to them how *their* ancestors had been guilty of robbing the world of the precious life of a godly princess belonging to *his* country. See the result on his conscience-stricken congregation: 'Also declares offerings found in the box of Blessed Mary, 6*d*. In the box of Blessed Osyth, 4*s*. 2*d*.' A man of less independent mind would have given the honour due to the Holy Virgin; but our friend from Norfolk could not resist the pardonable temptation as October 7 came round (and oftener) to magnify the virtues of a martyr who appealed

to his local patriotism—so proud of his own saint, so proud of being her fellow countryman.

The purchasing power of money which passed through the hands of the same John makes one's mouth water in this year of grace, 1924. 'For a horse which was the mortuary of Thomas Malgham, value 26*s.* 8*d.* For a mare and foal, the mortuary of Thomas Jackson the myller, 8*s.* For a cow, the mortuary of Hogekeyn Serjeantson's wife, 7*s.*' May we not be allowed to envy John Wynsouer and Co., who could buy lambs at 8*d.* a piece and receive one extra in every score for luck? Yet, on the same reckoning, a stone of wool at 1*s.* 6*d.* sounds uncommonly like profiteering. But Lieut. King, R.N., born within fifteen yards of Dytton's church, had not yet helped Captain Cook to discover New Zealand, thereby bringing the supply of wool nearer to the demand. Still, who would not jump at an offer of '3½ little pigs for 16*d.*' or willingly pay an annual rent of 5*s.* 4*d.* for 18 acres of pasture in Kirkeby called the Anam? Last year a neighbour invited me to pay £7 10*s.* for the privilege of running my kiddies' donkey on less than an acre.

Brother John must have acted as agent to the Lord Abbot, for included in the compotus are rents of farmland which certainly did not belong to the vicarage. Altogether he handled in the year 1454 the sum of £73 13*s.* 8*d.*, and even if a certain proportion of this did not rightly form part of his own income as Vicar, yet he must have been rather more than human if his hand did not shake *before* he began to account for his expenditure. If it did, he pulled himself together and remembered that avarice was numbered among the Seven Deadly Sins, for it is with a bold flourish, topped with a delightful little spiral, that he wrote the capital 'U' which opens the debit side of his balance-sheet: 'Unde idem Johannes petit allocare pro pensione sua unius anni, vil. xiiis. ivd.' To-day it is largely sentiment that regards a Rector as a superior being to a Vicar, but in 1454 even John, Vicarius to my Lord, must have exercised some little

self-control in recording the amount of his annual stipend, and no less self-restraint in rationing himself on rather less than 2s. 8d. a week. However, you were a bachelor, John, and you could buy a goose to celebrate your patronal festival for 2d. Also if you were wise you often dropped in on a parishioner for Sunday-night supper, thereby giving real pleasure to your host and saving the pickled pork for the morrow.

Twice within the twelvemonth he revisited his old haunts in Norfolk. His return ticket cost him 5s. each time, but the Abbot paid it and provided a locum for sixty-one days. Perhaps it was during one of these periods of absence that Lord Fitzhugh summoned him to his Manor Court and fined him 12d. for not answering his *adsum*.

If the Vicar had to practise economy at home, the churchwardens could not complain at the Easter vestry of his extravagance in matters ecclesiastical. Church expenses totalled 10s. 0½d. for the whole year. It would probably involve a good deal of research work to discover how much incense could be bought for 2d. in 1454, but it is safe to say that the parson could hardly have kept up a continuous smoke-screen on an annual disbursement of 2d. On the other hand, it makes one shiver to think that the nearest approach to central heating was 'Straw for the church at the chief festivals, 9d.,' while a system of lighting which cost 6½d., bringing the total of lighting and heating to 1s. 3½d. a year, shows a praiseworthy economy on the part of the parson, and incidentally a patient hardihood on the part of the people—and Craven is not the warmest spot in Europe.

Coming as he did from a district famous throughout England for its enthusiasm for all things connected with Holy Church, we may be sure he was a faithful parish priest; and, at the same time, his training in a monastery of Premonstratensian Canons had not so narrowed his outlook as to prevent him from learning the duties of a good estate agent. He could not only collect his lordship's rents, and

render a detailed account which can be audited and found correct; he could also keep farms and buildings in good and tenantable repair.

He paid the carpenter 4*d.* a day till wages jumped up twenty-five per cent., yet if disturbances in the building trade caused him some anxiety, he was human and wise enough to have learnt by experience that the British workman dearly loves a glass, otherwise why the entry: 'For drinks given to the carpenter and for laying great stones under the foot of the crokke, iv*d.*'? Six pounds odd did he spend this year on repairs to barns and other buildings, including 'the sum of xxxii*d.* for repairs to the barn at Malgham which was damaged during the Winter by rooks and jackdaws.' May it not have been in this connexion that he went to interview the Abbot, for he adds, 'Thomas Malgham refused to hold himself responsible'? It ended, as usual, in a lawsuit, which cost my lord £4 8*s.* 4*d.*, while 'sundry debts connected therewith which could not be recovered' brought his costs up to £14 5*s.* 10*d.* It seems a poor investment to spend more than the Vicar's stipend for two years in order to avoid a bill of 32*d.* But they revelled in lawsuits, those old churchmen. It would be uncharitable to suggest that my Lord Abbot regarded it as a judgement of God upon the man who had acted 'to the great harm and detriment to the Church,' yet the fact remains that Thomas Malgham, defendant, died the same year.

There is a little problem which awaits a solution: why does this careful scholar, agent, and accountant so mix his languages, with his 'in primis pro wryntot' with which he begins the paragraph dealing with carpenter's work? Is there a schoolboy living who would not return home the sadder and wiser for having perpetrated 'pro le thakke,' 'pro le wattlyng,' 'pro fellyng et beryng owt'? But we don't know as much about the man to whom John Dytton was addressing this document as John did himself; perhaps my lord's scholarship was as uncertain as his temper,

and a little wisdom had to be exercised in breaking it to him how the money had flown. The expensive luxury of a lost lawsuit may also account for the strange fact that there is no entry for poor-relief, unless the cash sent by special messenger to his lordship comes under this heading.

The old Kirk of St. Michael the Archangel at Kirkby in Malhamdale still holds your dust. There is no stone which marks your last resting-place. But you have left behind you a little scroll of parchment, so neat, so accurate, so human. You did not mean to let us into some of the secrets of your daily life, but here your manuscript lies as trim and dainty as on the day you took a pride in penning it 500 years ago. Were your sermons as full of human nature, John?

W. R. N. BARON.

MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO

FOR us the most significant work in contemporary Spanish literature is the work of Don Miguel de Unamuno. His relative importance to his countrymen probably they themselves cannot yet determine, but undoubtedly he is among the very foremost of their living writers. Poet and novelist and dramatist and essayist and journalist, he is to us, at any rate, principally important as a philosopher, employing that word in its proper meaning to indicate, not a student and critic of philosophy, but a student and critic of life. So many who are called philosophers are concerned, not with life, but with the philosophies others have extracted from or infused into life. Unamuno is not a secondary or derivative philosopher of this kind. He has the rare courage to start at the beginning, not to assume the customary postulates it is so convenient to assume. He did right to head the first chapter of his masterpiece 'The Man of Flesh and Bone.' He dares to deal with the raw material, naked humanity, and its secret passions and hidden dreams, its obscure gropings and faltering hopes. So many who are called philosophers devise or develop an intellectual system which is only an intellectual system. Because in its creation or discovery the intellect alone operates, and not the whole man, it may satisfy the intellect, but never the whole man. It may enable him to organize his conscious thoughts, but what of feelings irreducible by mental laws and the profound currents of the subconscious? One blow of primal human life beating beneath all conscious thoughts will shatter it to a dust of dead ideas. 'There are,' writes Unamuno, 'people who appear to think only with the brain, or with whatever may be the specific thinking organ; while others think with all the body and all the soul, with blood, with the marrow of the bones, with the heart, with

the lungs, with the belly, with the life. The people who think only with the brain become the professionals of thought. If a philosopher is not a man, he is anything but a philosopher; he is above all a pedant, and a pedant is a caricature of a man.' His own words describe the kind of philosopher Unamuno is not and connote the kind he is. And he is important to us, to all of us and not only to students of philosophy, as a philosopher, because he is a real one and not merely a specialist in philosophy.

As Unamuno writes of 'Kant, the man Immanuel Kant, who was born and lived at Königsberg,' and of 'the man Joseph Butler, the Anglican bishop,' so must we first of all write of the man Unamuno, the Spanish professor and journalist. 'In a philosopher what must needs most concern us is the man.' The man Miguel de Unamuno, then, is by birth a Basque, born fifty-nine years ago in Bilbao. Without magnifying the influence of race, we perceive that he is not altogether a representative Spaniard. Those ancient people, perhaps descended from the pre-Aryan aborigines of the Iberian peninsula, with a jealously preserved language unintelligible to the Spanish, are passionate lovers of freedom and independence, brave and tenacious, with an earnestness and energy which is not, as they display it, a typical Spanish characteristic. Unamuno is always earnest and with untiring energy. We shall see how in these respects he is a true Basque. But he has long lived in Castile. For thirty years he has been Professor of Greek in the University of Salamanca, though his tutorial work and his writings seem to be almost entirely unrelated. No one ignorant of his post would, after reading his books, surmise that he was a professor of anything, least of all of Greek. Greek literature appears to have nourished his thought less even than German, much less than French and English. He possesses nothing of what is called 'the Greek spirit.' Señor Salvador de Madariaga has graphically portrayed Unamuno, 'the man of flesh and bone,' for us. He is a passionately devoted

father of a numerous family, who has 'sung the quiet and deep joys of married life with a restraint, a vigour, and a nobility which it would be difficult to match in any literature.' He is a tall, broad-shouldered, bony man, with high cheeks, a beak-like nose, pointed grey beard, deep-set eyes like gimlets behind his spectacles; garbed in black to his chin, like a warrior-priest; a grave, indomitable fighter. In political journalism he is indefatigable and fearless, a pungent critic of official inefficiency and tyranny, not afraid to denounce the Government as irresponsible, despotic, criminally incompetent, not afraid to censure the Crown itself, but always eager to admit whatever good can be admitted in those men or methods he attacks. In Spanish journalism he occupies a unique place—a man of profound and wide culture, who has written some of the most remarkable novels of this century, a poet of significance, an essentially individual philosopher who is deeply concerned with national affairs and absolutely candid in his comments upon them. His conversation is rapid, pregnant with ideas, always expressive of his earnestness. He has never travelled from Spain, and he seldom leaves Salamanca and the neighbourhood. But his *Andanzas y Visiones Españolas*, a collection of forty papers originally appearing in the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Nación*, shows how he is continually discovering new charm and meaning in and around his home. For though the descriptive essays occasionally range further—into Portugal, Galicia, across the sea to Majorca—those about Castile and its little cities exhibit the most subtle insight into, and sympathy with, the beauty and associations of places. Salamanca is not, he says, a dead city, living only on the memories of past glories; it is a growing city with extending commerce, a cheerful city, a city of intimate gaiety. But still in parts it has not changed since the sixteenth century, and those quiet, dignified streets make it, as he says, a city where one may dream without fear of interruption. There is 'a corner near the convent of the

Ursuline nuns which gives the impression that time is standing still and gathering itself into eternity.' It is there Unamuno lives. From that corner in the ancient city of Castile he peers over the world, eagerly searching for light. Madariaga says a caricaturist represented him as an owl, 'a marvellous thrust at the heart of his character.' Owl-like, he gazes with intent immobility, yet behind the immobility ceaselessly active effort, striving to pierce the dark mystery of life and death, to perceive and understand.

Unamuno is not a great poet. There is vigorous thought and lofty passion, but not often musical singing. His first volume of poetry, published in 1907, exhibits all his strength and weakness as a poet. There are passages in which his intensity of meaning finds a form of expression perfect in its art, but for the most part rhyme and rhythm are intractable, and his urgent ideas strain within what are bonds instead of inevitable forms of utterance. His blank verse stumbles beneath its burden of mysticism. But many of his sonnets are perfect alike in inspiration and execution, and the collection which appeared in 1911, *Rosario de Sonetos Líricos*, contains his most beautifully wrought poetry. His most remarkable poem is 'El Cristo de Velázquez,' a long series of mystic meditations in unrhymed stanzas upon that artist's 'Crucifixion.' Unamuno's poetry is not merely interesting; it is precious, not so much as poetry, but as another version of his philosophy. I think it can best be compared with Blake's, if we can imagine a Catholic and Spanish Blake. There is, for one thing, the same note of mystic warfare. We are apt to conceive a mystic as submissive and strong only in resistance, but Unamuno is an aggressive warrior-mystic, a knight who seeks the Holy Grail, a Don Quixote.

Unamuno is greater as novelist than as poet, but even in his novels it is the philosophy they express, rather than purely literary qualities, which makes them so impressive. Some critics assert that his novels are in reality not novels at all, but psychological problems in which names are given

to 'cases' and 'types'; that the characters are not living men and women, but powerfully limned personifications of arguments, puppets contrived to demonstrate ideas and illustrate the movements of emotions and impulses. There is truth in that criticism. Regarded from one side, the characters are incarnations of phases of himself. Our inner life is a myriad-coloured stream of thoughts and desires, and Unamuno has, as it were, separated some of the deep-hued, strong-flowing currents and exhibited them without the modifying, weakening, confusing influence of others. He does not trouble about description. Environments are of no importance in themselves, but only as they affect the development and interaction of souls. In *Niebla*, which appeared in 1914, there are no indications of locality. The few descriptive touches which could not be avoided are entirely generic, applying to most towns in Spain. Unamuno treats the places as he treats the characters of his stories, taking a few elements out of their innumerable details and so creating a scene of bare simplicity in which every bold line and vivid hue seems pregnant with significance. A more powerful book is *Abel Sánchez*, which appeared in 1917. It is dominated by the undying and unappeasable hatred of Joaquin Monegro. Monegro is not merely a man who hates; he is hatred incarnate. All the weaknesses, the inconsistencies, the conflicting desires, which in real life subdue even the strongest passions to a more neutral tint, are taken away. The good and the evil both are hampered in every soul by oblique forces. Love of infinite purity no more exists in a human heart than hatred unalloyed. Unamuno seeks to make his characters the embodiments of elementary, unadulterated passions. Their appearances are but slightly indicated. We do not know any more about them than is necessary to realize the single force which controls them. It is not that they seem immaterial wraiths. They are indeed men and women 'of flesh and bone,' whose physical existence is as essential to the story as their mental

existence. But their physical attributes are reduced to the same overwhelming simplicity as their mental life. In the three short stories which were published in 1921 as *Tres Novelas Ejemplares y un Prólogo*, Señor Unamuno displays his highest powers of seizing upon elements of reality and presenting them in naked vigour. Two of the stories are concerned with irresistible and ruthless maternal passion. They are, according to conventional British prejudices, unpleasant stories, but not because of any light treatment of hidden things nor because of malicious cynicism. They are intensely serious, and not for those whom Unamuno calls 'the poor people who abhor tragedies.' In 'El Marqués de Lumbria' a woman with an indomitable and unscrupulous will, to which only Unamuno could give the credibility necessary to prevent the story being merely grotesque, seduces the man to whom her younger sister is betrothed, and so becomes the mother of a child, who she determines shall be the heir. When her sister has married and had a son, she employs the secret to torture and destroy her, and after the sister's death she marries the widower, expels her sister's son, and makes her own son the heir. In 'Dos Madres' the lover of a childless widow is compelled by her to marry another woman in order that the widow, consumed with longing for a child, may scheme and fight and eventually succeed in obtaining possession of the child of the marriage and satisfy her maternal craving. The most moving story, in which barbarous force writhes, is of masculine and not maternal passion. Alejandro, in 'Nada Menos que Todo un Hombre,' is an uncultivated rich man, of immense and brutal will, who by pure ruthless determination forces a woman not only to marry him, but to love him passionately. He is raw masculine passion. Having beaten down the will of the woman, he so enslaves her heart that the thought of his indifference tortures her. Then, when she dies, he kills himself beside her.

Unamuno's masterpiece, *Del Sentimiento Trágico de la*

Vida, has been translated into English as *The Tragic Sense of Life*. To discover the real principles of humanity, 'the man of flesh and bone,' Unamuno endeavours to discard not only the pretences of the world, the conveniences of social intercourse, the smooth falsities of custom, but also the innate predisposition to evasion, the perpetual cowardly flight of each soul from reality, the shrinking from the blinding glare of truth and incessant self-deception. So he comes to the ultimate spring of human life, which is the hunger for more life, for immortality, for deeper and wider life now, and for lasting, indestructible life. This hunger, in a myriad forms and phases, concealed beneath innumerable names—the artistic impulse, the religious instincts, the sensual lusts, the scholar's toil, the worldling's pursuit of pleasure—he perceives at the base of all thought and action. He perceives it in the ancestor-worship of ages remote in the past, the power that made men, when mud huts or straw shelters sufficed to protect the living from the inclement weather, raise tumuli for the dead and build sepulchres of stone before they built houses. Man is 'the animal that guards its dead.' From what does he seek with such futility to guard them? From the annihilation from which he shrinks numb and sickened. 'In the days of the simple faith of my childhood,' says Unamuno, 'descriptions of the tortures of hell, however terrible, never made me tremble, for I always felt that nothingness was much more terrifying.' The hunger for more and lasting life is appeased by some, especially by the simple, in religious faith they have never questioned since they, as it were, inherited it. Of the Catholic solution of the problem Unamuno says it satisfies the will, but it does violence to the reason, and reason has its imperious exigencies. Then he examines the rationalist solution, starting with Hume's denial of the rationality of belief in immortality and ending with that utter scepticism in which reason undermines itself. He dwells upon the truth that materialism is as irrational as idealism. The reasons for

believing that the individual human consciousness is dependent upon the physical organism are obvious. But if life is purely a material phenomenon, we are still left with the enigma: What is matter? That is as great a mystery as ever. To the rationalist the soul is a succession of co-ordinated states of consciousness. This leaves immortality precisely as it was. Unamuno expresses his disappointment at the results of those who have sought empirical support by all the methods of what is called psychical research. 'In spite of its critical apparatus it does not differ in any respect from mediaeval miracle-mongering.' In every way reason is impotent to discover the truth. It is an instrument to be employed as skilfully as possible, to define and arrange and to communicate with one another, to invent the arguments by which we account to our intellects and the intellects of others for beliefs attained otherwise—attained by living. Reason, whether as scientific monism or dogmatic theology, has its proper function in definition and organization and communication, but it does not itself solve our deepest problems. The rationalist pantheism in which some find refuge is a hollow sham, for 'if when we die we return to where we were before being born, then the human soul, the individual consciousness, is perishable.' The rationalist agnosticism is equally devoid of satisfaction, and Unamuno denounces Herbert Spencer's chapter in his *First Principles* on the reconciliation of reason and faith, of science and religion, as a model of philosophical superficiality and religious insincerity, of the most refined British cant.

Unamuno's philosophy, using the word in its true sense previously explained, is, then, neither rational nor irrational, but simply vital. 'It is on the survival of his will to live,' says Señor de Madariaga, 'after all the onslaughts of his critical intellect, that he finds the basis for his belief.' It is not the outcome of reason but of life, yet rationalized after a fashion so that it may be transmitted to us. From the hunger of life springs love, which in all its forms is the pursuit

of life and immortality. In and by love men seek to perpetuate themselves. Especially is this true of spiritual love, which is born of sorrow and pain. Love endows the universe with consciousness; it creates God. God must be because we love, and without Him love is unthinkable. 'When pity, love, reveals to us the whole universe striving to gain, to preserve, and to enlarge its consciousness, striving more and more to saturate itself with consciousness, feeling the pain of the discords which are produced within it, pity reveals to us the likeness of the whole universe with ourselves, leads us to personalize the whole of which we form a part.' Logicians may confront with difficulties, but they disprove the idea of God, not God, who is believed in only so far as He is lived. The idea of God is a hypothesis which may be discussed; God is a reality who can only be felt through the hunger which is the primal spring of human life. This faith, this gospel of love and service, this living according to our hunger for God, solves the practical problem of life. It teaches us to act so that we may merit eternity, so that our annihilation may be an injustice, 'in such a way as to make our brothers, our sons, and our brothers' sons, and their sons' sons, feel that we ought not to have died.' The social ills of which the modern world is so conscious Unamuno traces to the lack of a religious sense by each one of his social function. Workmen and employers, members of the liberal professions, public officials, and all others feel no aspiration to make themselves irreplaceable, so to fulfil their duties that others may, when they die, feel that they ought not to have died, to work not only for profit, pecuniary or other, but also for their honour as men and for love of God. Unamuno describes a scene on the bank of the river flowing through his native Bilbao. A workman was hammering at something, working without putting his heart into his work, as if he lacked energy or worked merely for the sake of getting a wage, when suddenly a woman's voice was heard crying, 'Help! Help!' A child had fallen into the river.

Instantly the man was transformed. With an admirable energy, promptitude, and sang-froid he threw off his clothes and plunged into the water to rescue the drowning infant.

In the last chapter of *The Tragic Sense of Life* Unamuno writes of Don Quixote, as he has in another book, *Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho*, preaching the cult of Quixotism as a national religion. The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance is a symbol of his philosophy, in which there is salvation through loss and victory in defeat. Don Quixote, the sublime fool, is also the perfect hero. His every exploit ended in ridiculous failure as it began in illusion; but the illusion was that of a noble soul and the failure ridiculous only to the ignoble, and really the tragedy of a sublime spirit. He championed no goddess who must needs be worshipped and obeyed, nor even a princess who must needs be loved and served, but a country wench whom he chose to worship and obey and love and serve. He rode abroad to defend no cause which could reward him for his prowess, but the indefensible; to defend that immaculate justice which never functions in this world, that perpetually vanquished yet perpetually victorious right, that illusory beauty which only the best and bravest can perceive. So his life was a glorious folly, a tragi-comedy, and he was the perfect hero, and won nothing, nothing at all, but immortality, which is everything. A mockery to others, to himself he was never ridiculous. Don Quixote did not accept that injustice must be, that love is a delusion and courage a pretence, did not resign himself to that which denied his own hunger. Quixotism is the spirit which does not accept. It does not accept the despair which rationalism can only dishonestly conceal, the indifference to wrong and suffering by which others evade the problem, the vanity of all human efforts to redress, to create the world which ought to be. Don Miguel de Unamuno is a Don Quixote, a knight-errant of the spirit.

ANTHONY CLYNE.

THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE

QUITE recently the American President expressed the conviction that the study of the classics lies at the basis of modern civilization. This he said without belittling the place of science and of commerce, on which our modern world is 'absolutely dependent.' But an education devoted exclusively to science and commerce is an education which leaves out the great realities of life. After all, the wonders of modern science—wireless, aviation, and the rest—do not condition good citizenship. Beauty of all kinds is independent of them; happiness was available long before their invention. The great realities lie less in the things in which we differ from earlier ages than in those in which we resemble them. It is from Greece and Rome that we derive much that is of most value in law, language, letters, art, and religion, and these will remain our teachers for all time, if we are wise. Now the American President does not live in a backwater away from the main stream of modern life; and in days when ignorant and superficial men have wider influence than ever before, his words are a timely reminder that 'it is impossible for society to break with its past,' and that none of our modern problems can be solved 'without knowing their historical background.'

History has often been taught as the record of battles and wars, Acts of Parliament, the rise and overthrow of dynasties, and so on. In that case the history of Greece in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. would hardly be worth recounting. What was the Athenian Empire in comparison with the Empire of Napoleon or that of the last Czar of all the Russias? The total populations of Athens, Sparta, Thebes, and Corinth were not equal to the hurrying mass of humanity disgorged from Liverpool Street Station every morning in the week. But it is Greece herself that has taught us that size is no

true standard of value and history is no mere record of unrelated facts.

It is true that the Greeks of those days had not long emerged from savagery ; many of the material accompaniments of their civilization were crude in the extreme. They never dreamed of express trains or Ford cars, Zeppelins or poison gas. Their temples were dedicated to painted idols, so it might be said ; their superstition was a byword some centuries later. Slavery was the basis of their social life. What, then, is the significance of Greece ? It lies here, that while they shared all these things with most of the races around them, there went out a stream from them which has nourished the intellectual and spiritual life of mankind. They borrowed an alphabet from the Phoenicians, but they wrote books that have an eternal quality ; yet the longest of those books that we possess could be printed within a single issue of *The Times*. They learned sculpture from the Egyptians, but within a short time they had so far outstripped their teachers that their art and architecture have been the wonder of all succeeding ages. They have taught the world the science of politics ; the words monarchy, oligarchy, democracy, are all Greek derivatives, and he who would understand them fully must go back to their discoverers to learn their meaning. Dean Inge does not exaggerate when he says that without what we call our debt to Greece we should have neither our religion, philosophy, science, literature, education, nor politics.

As long as men recount the great moments of human history so long will they tell the story of how Pheidippides ran from Marathon to Athens, stood for one moment with clenched hands and swaying body before he hoarsely whispered, 'Chairete, nikomen,' then fell forward—dead—before a hand from the tensely silent crowd could save him. 'Rejoice, we conquer.' One of the decisive battles for the freedom of mankind and the future of civilization had been fought and won. Not that the men of Athens then or

afterwards understood all that freedom meant, or how it could be attained (do we ?). They fought at Marathon and Salamis as Greeks against Barbarians. Some would call that a crude and vulgar patriotism. But out of that patriotism came the realization that Hellenism stood for a higher quality of life over against the indolence and slavery of Orientalism ; and when Alexander carried Greek influence throughout the known world by his conquests, then Hellenism came to be understood as a thing of the spirit, not of race, and our word humanity is nothing but the Latin translation of a word which the Greeks coined to express a universal idea.

It is not without reason that the majority of the new words which are being added to our English language as the result of scientific research are derived from Greek, for modern science began at the Renaissance with the rediscovery of the Greek philosophers. And an almost uncanny prescience of modern physics was shown by Democritus and the Atomists, who believed that the 'seeds' of all things were the same and indestructible. The electrons into which J. J. Thompson and Ernest Rutherford have resolved our material world are not as the atoms of Democritus,

Ruining along the illimitable inane,

but related to one another with all the wonderful order of a solar system. None the less, it is strange to find modern theories so anticipated more than 2,000 years ago. Even in medicine it is not so long since the treatises of Hippocrates and Galen were used as text-books, and their spirit of patient experiment and sincere desire to discover the causes of things is the inspiration of modern medical science. Within the lifetime of some of us the first principles of geometry were taught from Euclid, who worked these things out with his table of sand some centuries before the Christian era. In science text-books become out of date in a decade or so ; only Greek text-books seem to last for two millenia before they are superseded. Pythagoras anticipated Copernicus

by about that time when he asserted that the earth was round, not flat. That he discovered by the observation of eclipses. Could the scientific spirit be better expressed than in the words of Democritus : ' Rather would I discover one fact than become King of the Persians ' ?

It is not without reason, then, that science goes to the Greek language for all the new words it needs to express its discoveries. But the study of Greek has meant more than a mere enlargement of vocabulary to our English language. It can best be put in a negative form. It is not without reason that the emergence of slipshod, vulgar, commercialized English on the lips of people who ought to know better has coincided with the decay of classical studies in our schools and universities. There is no question that we have in our language one of the most magnificent vehicles for conveying human thought that mankind has ever had. It is being debased by a gross misuse of words. On the walls of the old temple at Delphi—the Westminster Abbey of the Greeks—there were graven the words by some unknown hand, *mēden agan*—nothing to excess. That was characteristic of the Greek genius as expressed in literature as well as in art. The exaggeration with which we feign emotions we never feel, the utterly insincere and meaningless epithets we constantly use in the wrong place, were all abhorrent to the Greek, who ' never uttered heroic sentiments except when wrought up to the pitch of feeling them true.' On the great occasion the great word was ready, whereas with us we have no great words ; we have debased them all, and made them common and unclean by soiling them in the mire of everyday usage. ' In God's name I beg of you to think,' was the burden of Demosthenes' speeches. To that end every word was rightly used. The object of many a politician to-day is to prevent men from thinking, and it is easy for him, for his own mind is confused by a disorderly mass of but half-understood ideas, none of which he has tried to think out to a conclusion.

The Greeks were the creators of science and of art as we know them. But for their work, it is said, the art of Europe to-day might have been on the same level as the fantastic and degraded art of India. It was from Egypt they learned the first lessons, but their glory is that they made art an expression of life and of idealism. They conceived of beauty as a joy in itself and as a guide to life; they discovered and taught mankind the laws by which things are beautiful or ugly. And because their insight was so true, their skill so wonderful, their ideal of a perfect balance (*mêden agan*) so clear, their achievement in architecture and sculpture has never been equalled, much less surpassed. In his Athenê for the Parthenon and in his Zeus at Olympia Pheidias had portrayed all that was noblest of divine power and perfection embodied in human form. We have no adequate copies of these works of art, for one of which the world might be ready to give the whole of the contents of many a museum. Dr. J. H. Moulton asked what Paul might have thought of them, for he must have seen them both, and whether his Jewish prejudice against idolatry would have allowed him to recognize that one sincere soul had learned something wonderful of God five centuries before he himself preached in Athens. At any rate it seems that the face of Pheidias's Zeus did not disappear from the minds of men altogether, for centuries after Paul's day that face reappeared on the canvases of the old masters as the traditional type of the Saviour's face. The inspiration of the Greek sculptor had found abiding expression for the form in which God and man met. Unhappily, few originals have come down to us, but it is possible to judge something of the skill of Pheidias from what remains in the British Museum of the work done under his direction, if not by his own hand. The Hermes of Praxiteles is the most famous because the only original statue we possess from the most creative days of Greek sculpture, and that can only be known to most of us by photographs; it is in Greece.

In literature we are more fortunate than in art, for we can

read the masterpieces for ourselves, if not in Greek, in excellent translations. And here it is to be noted that every familiar form of literary composition we owe to the Greeks. Before them was no drama, no poetry, no history, no oratory. They were the creators of all these as well as of biography, essay, sermon, and novel. And in literature, as elsewhere, are found the two things already noted—the eternal quality and the perfect balance or power of restraint and simplicity. Though scientific text-books continually supersede one another and grow out of date, Homer and Plato do not. There is one element of science which progresses, but another which does not depend on knowledge that is for ever widening—an element which is of eternal value. We boast of our progress, and think we grow out of many things, as children grow out of their clothes. But the beauty of the sunset behind the hills, the sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary, the love of a mother for her child—these things have an eternal value, and we do not grow beyond them. So it is with a symphony of Beethoven, or Hamlet; eternity is inscribed upon them, and it is not with them as with the text-book of science. We may discard Euclid at last, though it has taken so many centuries for us to grow beyond him, but we cannot in the same way discard the greatest births of human imagination, many of which are Greek. Things may be valuable in two ways; the use of antiseptic by Lister, because it leads on to the wonders of modern surgery—that is one way a thing is valuable as the cause of something greater. But the *Hermes of Praxiteles* is valuable, like Gray's 'Elegy,' for its own sake—it is precious in itself. It cannot be superseded, and it matters not that other poets have read Gray and been unconsciously influenced by him; we too must read him for ourselves.

That which has given Greek literature its abiding value is the power of its authors to 'see life steadily and to see it whole.' In this they are free from the defects of many moderns, who so often shut their eyes to the hard realities

in their desire to let their book leave a pleasant taste in the mouth, or, if they are ultra-modern, shut their eyes to the things of beauty and of hope in their ambition to give their readers some new sensation of horror. The Greek power of restraint would save many authors from the psychological aberrations which disfigure their work. Plato tells the story of Socrates' accusation, trial, imprisonment, and death in four dialogues—deservedly the best known of his dialogues among those who are not classical scholars. Socrates was accused of atheism, of leading the young men away from the ancestral religion. After a noble defence he was condemned by a majority of the votes. The only penalty for that offence was, according to Athenian law, death. While in prison waiting for the day of execution his friends came to Socrates with plans of escape. It could easily have been accomplished, and he might have spent a few years in exile and then have been allowed to return and die in his native city. But Socrates refused to escape. He had enjoyed the protection of the laws of Athens all his life; what right had he now to break one law because it pressed heavily upon him? Entreaties were of no avail, so he remained spending the last few days discoursing with his friends on the hope of immortality. When at last the jailer brought the cup of hemlock for him to drink (the Athenian method of execution) he drank it calmly and cheerfully, restrained his friends from any expression of their grief, and lay down to die, his last words being, 'Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepios; do not forget to pay it'—a half-playful reminder, perhaps, that an offering must be made to the god of healing when he had won release from 'the fitful fever of life.' 'Such was the end,' Plato concludes, 'of our friend, a man, I think, who was the wisest and justest and the best man that I have ever known.' The simplicity and restraint of this description have made that scene live among the things that will never perish from human memory. Here is the greatness that is essentially Greek: *mêden agan*—nothing to excess.

But the eternal quality belongs not to the manner only, but still more to the matter, of their literature. Plato's ideas as to how the earth was made seem absurd in the light of our knowledge, and they will hardly bear comparison with the stories of Genesis; but Plato's thoughts about justice and courage and such things are never out of date, they belong not to the realm of the things that are seen but to that of the things which are unseen and eternal. The dramatists used, and Euripides sometimes sneered at, the myths which were the foundation of religious thinking; but their real concern was with the question of divine justice and the sorrows of common folk, the sin of the fathers visited upon the children to the third and the fourth generation, the punishment of the proud and the oppressor, the validity of the eternal moral laws.

Never shall state nor gold
Shelter his heart from aching,
Whoso the Altar of Justice old
Spurneth to night unwaking.

And when the great dramatists were silent the Stoics took up their teaching that this life is a stern school of moral discipline. It was the Greeks who first taught men the joy and beauty of life; it was the Greeks who first upheld the ideal of duty. Philosophy at its best aimed at teaching men the art of living; if men were to live well they must think rightly about God, the world, and themselves. 'We are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes; we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness,' says Pericles, summing up the Athenian ideal of life.

The Greek aimed at the perfection of the whole man. For him the physical and spiritual were two aspects of the one whole. Hence he had the same word (*kalos*) to express physical beauty and nobility of character. When Socrates declared that sin is ignorance, it must be remembered that for him knowledge was more than intellectual cleverness.

A life spent in philosophy was a study, or rather rehearsal, of death. If Socrates speaks of the body as the tomb of the soul, the language of Paul is not very different. Paul calls the body the 'earthly house of our tabernacle'—'Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth.' But Socrates lived and died four centuries before Jesus died and rose again to make men conquerors over death. Is it any wonder, therefore, that through much of the noblest of Greek literature there runs a strain of melancholy? 'Even as are the generations of leaves, such are those likewise of men,' says Homer; 'the leaves that the wind scattereth to earth, and the forest, budding, putteth forth another growth, and the new leaves come on in the spring-tide: so of the generations of men, one putteth forth its bloom and another passeth away.' As yet men knew not the 'motive power of a divine yet human personality in whose life we live by dying unto sin.' Although Solon, the Attic Moses, bade Croesus 'call no man happy till he is dead,' his countrymen were no pessimists. That was a brave word of Pindar's: 'Forasmuch as men must die, wherefore should one sit vainly in the dark through a dull and nameless age and without lot in noble deeds?' It was that spirit which has made the fifth and fourth centuries in ancient Greece a source of unfailing inspiration—the spirit that begat men who dreamed that

Something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done
Not unbecoming men who fought with gods.

From the Hebrew we have learned the value of the passion for divine righteousness. For him the art of Hellas was idolatry, and it may well be the iconoclasm of the prophets of Israel was necessary to foster a true monotheism. But the moral passion of the Hebrew and of the Puritan later was consistent with narrowness, bigotry, and inhumanity. The Greeks have helped to teach the world another side—the likeness of God and man, the wonder and beauty of God's

universe, pure joy in all that is lovely and of good report. To the Jew God was the Holy One, unapproachable in His transcendence ; to the Greek all that was noblest in human thought and highest in human endeavour seemed eloquent of God. The prophets of Israel discovered God ; the philosophers, sculptors, and dramatists of Greece discovered man. *Gnôthi Seauton*—Know thyself—was another word upon the walls of the Temple at Delphi. Once perhaps Jesus quoted that. According to one of the Unwritten Sayings not long ago discovered in the rubbish-heaps of Egypt, Jesus said, ‘ . . . the kingdom of heaven is within you ; and whoever shall know himself shall find it. Strive therefore to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the almighty Father, and ye shall know that ye are in the city of God, and ye are the city.’

There will never be more than a few who can devote their lives to classical scholarship and discover its richest treasures, but if Greece stands not so much for a race or a language as for a spirit and a culture, it is possible for many who are not scholars to hear her speaking with a clear voice in art, literature, politics, religion, and in the English language itself. The men who lived in Greece between the years 600 and 300 B.C. wrote their spirit in books and on tables of stone. These record for all succeeding ages the supremacy of mind over sense, and of spirit over matter ; and those who to-day care most for the great realities of life regard it almost as unthinkable that we should ever break with our past and ignore our heritage in ‘ the glory that was Greece.’

F. BERTRAM CLOGG.

THE POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS CREED OF SHELLEY

ENVIRONMENT plays a great, if not the greatest, part in the development of man physically, morally, spiritually. Shelley was no exception to this universal law. The world had just undergone the most tremendous upheaval in its political and religious history. The French Revolution of 1789 was the birth of modern democracy. Dowden says, 'August 4, 1792, was a calm and pleasant day; there was thunder in the moral atmosphere of that summer month. Along the Sussex roads, in wagons and fish-carts, aristocratic emigrants were pouring from revolutionary France. On the day of Shelley's birth the National Assembly decreed that all religious houses should be sold for the benefit of the nation. August 4 was the eve of Louis XVI's last Levée. A few nights more and the Paris steeples clanged and boomed with all their storm bells for the desperate morning of the 10th, the red dawn of a tempestuous day.' This red dawn must have influenced profoundly the sensitive boy. On the other hand, he owed nothing of his characteristic iconoclasm to his father, who was the quintessence of smug respectability. To Timothy Shelley, of Goring Castle, Sussex, M.P. for the neighbouring town of Shoreham, there was no crime greater than any sort of deviation from the highway of convention and custom. He was a typical country squire, who went regularly to church, no doubt as regularly said his prayers, but, as Dowden says, 'He was everything which the poet's father should not have been. He voted blindly with his party, which looked to nothing beyond the interests of the gentry and the pleasure of the Duke of Norfolk.' He was a living example of the couplet :

At church on Sunday to attend
Will serve to keep the world your friend.

His morality was as conventional as his religion. He said to his son that 'he would never pardon a *mésalliance*, though he would provide for as many illegitimate children as he chose to have.' Here was a case of absolute incompatibility of temperament, and it is no wonder that Shelley never got on with his father. It is interesting, however, to note that among Shelley's ancestors were some who 'had been conspicuous at one time for their devotion to falling or desperate causes.' This was the strain in his blood which was most pronounced in Shelley himself. This devotion to desperate or falling causes prompted him to his altogether unreasonable generosity to such men as his father-in-law, Godwin, and many others. Environment and heredity, then, probably had some influence in this most astounding product, the man, the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley. He was in revolt long before he heard of Godwin. The boy who set a faggot stack on fire 'that he might have a little hell of his own' needs no external influence to set him in revolt against tyranny and brute force, whether on the greater stage of the world in advocating universal emancipation of humanity, or on the lesser stage of a public school in hoisting the standard of revolt against the system of fagging. He might be compared to a bomb, which contains within itself the explosive forces which only need contact to bring about the catastrophe. For Shelley to come in contact with tyranny, injustice, or wrong meant the explosion of the hidden fires. Shelley was a revolutionist because he was Shelley.

It is possible to trace a distinct development in Shelley himself. He began life with a passionate faith in knowledge as the true saving virtue in human society. It has been said, 'To understand all is to forgive all.' Shelley believed in his youth that to understand all would be to overthrow all possible forms of tyranny, all that opposes the free development of man and woman.

There is something exceedingly crude in his earlier attitude. In his *Juvenilia* we find him tracing all human ills to

monarchy. 'Kings are but dust . . . the fungus of a wintry day. . . . Time will trample them to dust.' They are the cause of all human ills.

Ah, when will come the sacred time
When man, unsullied by his leader's crime,
Despising wealth, ambition, pomp, and pride,
Will stretch him fearless at his foeman's side?

And again :

Oppressors of mankind, to you we owe
The baleful streams, from which these miseries flow.

Even in 1812, possibly before he read Godwin's *Political Justice*, he cries out :

I ask
That Reason's flag may over Freedom's field,
Symbol of bloodless victory, wave unfurled,
A meteor sign of love effulgent to the world.

This easy dogma of the cause of human misery is the text of his first great poem, 'Queen Mab,' written in 1812 and published in 1813. The motto of the poem is as ingenuous as the poem itself. It is Voltaire's 'Ecrasez L'Infame.' It is the battle-cry of Revolution. He sees 'the likeness of a throned King, of calm countenance, his eye severe and cold. His right hand was charged with bloody coin, and he did guard by fits, with secret smiles, a human heart concealed beneath his robe, whilst around him knelt a multitudinous throng, with bared bosoms and bowed heads in true submission.' He asks, 'Is it not strange that the poor should take pleasure in abjectness?' Later, when Shelley had come into close contact with the poor in Dublin, 'a mass of animated filth' as he calls them, he is utterly disheartened and discouraged by their fawning subserviency. He pictures them crowding about the carriages of the aristocracy as they proceed to court functions. These are the very people who are oppressing them. 'Queen Mab' abounds in the flamboyant

and rhetorical passages of denunciation of tyrants, kings, and aristocracies, to whose greed of plunder and ambition Shelley traces all human ills ; war and its terrible harvest, poverty, squalor, are all the work of tyrants. Therefore educate the people. Open their eyes, show them their oppressors and all the oppressions done under the sun, and the people will rise up in their majesty to crush their oppressors.

Shelley therefore proposes to go to Dublin and preach a gospel of illumination. He will educate the Irish people. He draws up and prints *The Declaration of Human Rights*. He showers these charters of human liberty upon the heads of the passers-by, flings them into places of public resort, but Ireland is not saved. He carefully seals them up in bottles on the shores of the Bristol Channel and speeds them on their voyage to all the shores of all the world, and calls upon the winds to waft them far and wide on their mission of emancipation, but the nations are still enslaved. 'Destroy tyranny and save humanity.' He learned the futility of such crude methods later in his life ; but now he cries :

Let the axe

Strike at the root, the poison tree shall fall.
And where its venom'd exhalations spread
Ruin and death and woe, where millions lay
Quenching the serpent famine, and their bones,
Bleaching unburied, in the putrid blast,
A garden shall arise, in loveliness
Surpassing Eden.

His next long poem, 'The Revolt of Islam,' was originally entitled 'Laon and Cythna.' The lovers were brother and sister. He changed this afterwards in deference to public opinion, but the incestuous relation of Laon and Cythna was only another evidence of Shelley's inherent antagonism to all conventions and customs that strike at human liberty. He returns to this idea in 'Rosalind and Helen,' and in 'The Cenci.' He finds a hateful world. He will strike at its heart. He will wage war with society. He will hurl bombs

into the midst of its quiet complacency. He, the purest of souls, will expose the fundamental hypocrisies at the heart of the world.

In the Preface to 'The Revolt of Islam' (1817) Shelley states that the poem is an experiment in the temper of the public mind as to 'how far a thirst for a happier condition of moral and political society survives, among the enlightened and refined, the tempests which have shaken the age of the French Revolution.' Here again the subject is the overthrow of tyranny. But in this poem there are distinct signs of that growing faith in love as the supreme and only saving element in the world. Even tyrants have rights.

What call ye Justice? Is there one who ne'er
In secret thought has wished another's ill?
Are ye all pure? Let these stand forth who hear
And tremble not. Shall they insult and kill
If that there be? (Canto V. 34).

There is something more to be done, then, if society is to be emancipated. Knowledge alone cannot save. The axe must have an ally. Destructions alone will bring anarchy and universal ruin. In the magnificent 'Ode to Liberty' (Canto V. 51.), wisdom, mind, reason, and love are to be the great allies and protagonists of liberty.

A hundred nations swear that there shall be
Pity and Peace and Love among the good and free.

The maiden who was being tortured cries out to the torturer, 'For thine own sake, I prithee spare me' (Canto IV. 18), and even the torturer, weeping, loosens her. So great is the power of innocence and love. This poem shows the influence of Shelley's new mentor, William Godwin, the author of *Political Justice*. Shelley is becoming spiritualized. He is penetrating to the heart of the mystery of life and of the world. 'Now that he has become a man he is putting away childish things.'

That there was something exceedingly wilful in Shelley's

revolutionary fervour is shown in the 'Masque of Anarchy.' There is a stinging reference to Lord Eldon, but not more stinging than is, from Shelley's point of view, deserved by any judge who administered the penal code as it was then. The severity of punishments was scandalous. Death had only just ceased to be the penalty for shoplifting to the value of five shillings. It is true that his lordship had deprived Shelley of the custody of his children by Harriet Westbrook. It is also true that Eldon was a Conservative, and had been the consistent opponent of democratic legislation throughout many years, but there was nothing in Eldon's private or public life to justify the fierce vituperation Shelley heaped upon the hapless judge. Had he been less personal in this poem he had been more convincing. In 'Rosalind and Helen' Shelley draws a portrait of himself. Lionel was inflamed with perfervid passion for humanity. He had seen the miseries of the poor. He himself was an aristocrat, wealthy and of great refinement, but

He passed amid the strife of men
And stood at the throne of armed power,
Pleading for a world of woe.

'Mid the passions wild of human kind
He stood, like a spirit calming them.

His very gestures turned to tears
The unpersuaded tyrant, never
So moved before; his presence stung
The torturers with their victims' pain.

He was an idealist, and met the idealist's fate. Men sneered at him. If he seeks fame, fame were crowned the champion of a trampled creed; if he seeks power, power is enthroned amid ancient rights and wrongs, and so the gilded youth laughed at him for a fool. Then he attacked religion, and the priests dragged him into a dungeon, and, though released, he died prematurely. This is the fate of reformers and

revolutionists. They must reckon on it. Only the great love in their hearts for their kind can bear them up. This mood of semi-despondency deepened over Shelley. In the next year, in the 'Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills' he exclaims :

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way.

'The Fragments' are a fuller and more passionate expression of the socialistic ideals which Shelley first expounded in the notes to 'Queen Mab.' There can be little doubt that had he been contemporary with William Morris he would have advocated with him the ideas of social democracy. In these 'Fragments' we find a denunciation of the individualistic and competitive system which culminates in the new National Anthem, 'God Save the Queen,' in which the Queen is Liberty, and in the song inspired by the Peterloo Riots, 1819. 'Masque of Anarchy' is a battle-cry, a clarion-call to the masses of the people to rise up, 'and shake their chains to earth, like dew, which in sleep had fallen upon them.' There again Shelley is oscillating between moral and material force of revolution and reconstruction. He urges the men of England to revolution. 'Ye are many ; they (your tyrants) are few.' As a matter of fact, both forces are necessary. Society will never be emancipated by brute force.

Men must reap what men do sow ;
Force from force will ever flow.

The true solution of the dilemma is set forth in 'Prometheus Unbound' (1819). Here Shelley takes Prometheus, who was the saviour of society, in that he pitied man's limitations and ignorance and brought down fire from heaven to earth for the use and blessing of man, as the type of suffering

humanity plagued and tortured by the gods. Prometheus is humanity in chains—humanity, like Alastor, tortured by some malignant and relentless fate by 'longings and yearnings and strivings' after an ideal humanity in its age-long quest after beauty and love and light and peace. Prometheus is represented as in revolt against Jupiter, whom he hurls from his throne into the abyss of hell, and love is triumphant. Humanity is saved. The very physical universe shares in this redemption. The earth and the moon are joined in eternal, live communion. Sun, moon, stars, mountains, forests, waterfalls, and seas are conscious of a new energy of love palpitating through the whole. Even unlovely things are seen to be beautiful.

In this poem, as in 'Adonais,' Shelley's real religious views are set forth.

Shelley's religious belief is difficult to define. He moved in the immensities. He lived, not in time, but in eternity. He was not an orthodox Christian. Christian practice alienated him from the Church. With constitutional passion he denounced the crude Jewish conception of God prevalent in his day. He pointed out that the God of the popular Christian view was the God of the Jews, and that the Jews crucified Jesus because His ideas did not fit in with that popular view. But Shelley was not an atheist. Only the most prejudiced and superficial mind could possibly regard him as an atheist. 'Adonais' and 'The Triumph of Life' give the lie absolutely to any charge of atheism against Shelley. 'Adonais,' an elegy on the death of John Keats, declares the immortality of the soul, and 'The Triumph of Life' (unfinished) declares the triumph of love. In stanza 39 of Adonais he says :

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep,
He hath awaken'd from the dream of life.
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings. *We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us, day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

And again in stanza 41 :

He lives, he wakes ; 'tis Death is dead, not he.

He is in love with death, for death is the portal of life.

From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

(Stanza v. 51).

And again :

No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

In the 'Triumph of Life' Shelley sees humanity dragged behind a terrible chariot—a sort of juggernaut—or crushed beneath it, or hurrying away from it :

So ill was the car guided—but it passed
With solemn speed majestically on.

The chariot rolled, a captive multitude
Was driven ; all those who had grown old in power
Or misery.

The chariot hath
Passed over them—no other trace I find,
But, as the foam, after the ocean's wrath
Is spent upon the desert shore ;
And this is Human Life.

Shelley is staggered by the immensity of the tragedy of human life. He cannot understand 'why God made irreconcilable food and the means of food' ; yet love is triumphant. He has imperishable faith in the ultimate survival of love. He had said in 'Adonais,'

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That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction, which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last cloud of cold mortality.

Love is triumphant. Through the welter of life and movement and being, through all manifestations of force, through world agonies and soul agonies, love beams on his soul. Love is the beginning and the ending. There is purpose beyond and above the apparent purposelessness, and in the 'Triumph of Life' he says, 'All things are transfigured except love.' That is Shelley's religious creed. It comprised his political creed. His God is 'that sustaining Love.' His immortality is the triumph of love. We do not, if we are wise, look for categorical creeds in poets. There is all the shimmer and the haze of an autumn day about true poetry, the massed colours melt into one another, the world is Persian-carpeted. There is nothing definite or dogmatic. But as in the corrugation and decay and faint haziness of the autumnal evening there is to be detected a soul of beauty ineffable, surpassing that of spring and summer, so in the poetry of Shelley one sees the 'Beauty in which all things work and move,' and that beauty is the beauty of *'the one who remains.'*

ERNEST J. B. KIRTLAN.

THE CHRIST OF ROMANCE

THERE are not many Christs, but only one ; yet the one

Christ whom we know and love has many aspects. We speak, for example, of the Christ of history and the Christ of experience, the Christ of criticism and the Christ of dogma. Why not also the Christ of romance ? The term, it is true, has aesthetic rather than religious associations. We are accustomed to compare the romantic with the classical in art and literature. The classical spirit, we say, seeks to express itself in balance, restraint, symmetry, and self-sufficingness. Disdainful of eccentricity and changing fashions, it aspires to represent worthily the austere remoteness, the timeless serenity, the satisfying fullness and finality, of all perfect and eternal things. The romantic spirit, on the other hand, delights in freshness, variety, and spontaneity. Where classicism is conservative, romanticism would make all things new. For the beauty of order it would substitute the beauty of surprise, a beauty to be discerned and loved, not in calm lucidity of soul, but only in the more perfervid moods of emotional and imaginative inspiration.

These varying characteristics, which belong primarily to art, have their counterpart in religion also. From the classical standpoint, religion is something fixed, stereotyped, eternal ; ' as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.' From the romantic standpoint, it is something that wells up from within the heart, as a new wonder and perpetually fresh discovery, a free, unimpeded voyaging of the soul in hitherto uncharted realms of spiritual exploration. These two contrasted types are broadly represented by authority and freedom, tradition and reformation, orthodoxy and heterodoxy, the clear, open daylight of Catholic institutionalism and dogma and the sensitively flickering and lambent flame of the inner light granted to the Quakers.

I

If we approach the study of the life of Christ with these distinctions present in our minds, to which type on the whole will He be found to conform? Surely to the romantic. Jesus, though He inaugurated a universal religion, set up no abstract or impersonal standard of perfection. His mode of thinking was not classical or formal. Rather, everything He said or did came from a divine prompting of inwardness and spontaneity. How is it that we so often think of Christ as Prophet, Priest, and King, yet so seldom speak of Him as the supreme Poet? Yet His whole outlook upon the world — its flowers, its birds, its cornfields, its variegated humanity — was richly charged with imaginative and romantic feeling.

The teaching of Jesus was no less romantic than His personality. Only one possessing the soul of a poet could discard, as He did, the pedantry and logomachy of the schools, and draw divinest lessons from the pearl, the mustard seed, the hen gathering her chickens under her wings. And the matter of His teaching was no less romantic than the manner. Classicism was represented by the legalism of the Pharisees, who were guardians of tradition, champions of orthodoxy, sticklers for the observance of every jot and tittle of prescribed ritual. But Jesus insisted that the kingdom of God was within men, and He wished them to avoid everything stereotyped and mechanical in their devotions. Externalism in religion offered a broken cistern that could hold no water. Jesus promised to be *in* men, a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. When He said that, and when He affirmed that the Spirit of God in man was like the wind which bloweth where it listeth, Jesus spoke the language of romanticism.

Moreover, the career of Jesus, no less than His teaching and His divine personality, was romantic. Here was an obscure carpenter of Nazareth, His face still radiant from beholding the open heavens, who stepped into the gaze of men, and undertook, single-handed, or with the help of a few

unlettered fishermen, to establish the kingdom of God upon earth. And He did it joyously, even gaily, like a happy bridegroom among his friends, or (as the catacombs of Rome afterwards represented Him) like a very Orpheus, preparing to build the city of God itself by the mere enchantment of His song. Was ever anything more adventurously romantic? And when the clouds and shadows gathered round Him, and for the flowers which caressed His feet in Galilee there were substituted the thorns which pierced His brow in Jerusalem, even then the romantic spirit did not desert Him. Jesus, indeed, was never more romantic than when He hung upon the cross, giving all for love, and delivered over to death by the organized religion of His day. When we think of the marred visage suspended there, despised and rejected, spit upon and reviled, and compare it with the serene countenance of a Jupiter or an Apollo, we feel how infinitely superior, though it be without form or comeliness, is that sublime figure, romantic even in the act of dying, to the well-poised, self-sufficing, exquisitely proportioned deities of classical Greece and Rome.

II

A romantic interpretation of the life and personality of Christ is everywhere present in our four canonical Gospels. These are written in a spirit of reverent wonder and naïve childlikeness which make an irresistible appeal to us. Especially is this true of the narratives of the birth and infancy of Christ in Luke and Matthew. The meek shepherds, the choirs of exulting angels, the distant magi bringing precious gifts, the fierce and scowling Herod in the background, the unconcerned populace crowding to the inn at Bethlehem, the lowing cattle and the humble manger, with mother Mary in the midst, straining her little darling to her breast—these, the heart feels, are poetical and romantic accompaniments which fittingly adorn the tale of the coming of the Son of God into the world. If the hand of critical scholarship should

ever remove any of these beautiful details from the picture which we love, the hand of reverent and adoring piety would immediately restore them. Why is it that every year we whole-heartedly surrender ourselves to the Christmas spirit, with its endearing associations of holly and mistletoe and childlike fantasy and romantic legend? We do this because we instinctively feel that we cannot rightly respond to the fact of the Incarnation save in the mood of simple, imaginative wonder. Something impels us to invest with the glamour of poetical emotion that which is given to us intellectually in the creeds and dogmas of the Church. In so doing we yield, and yield rightly, to the romantic spirit.

But if the luxuriating fancy of religious faith is permitted to range freely within the covers of the New Testament, much more does it take the liberty of disporting itself in the pages of the uncanonical or apocryphal Gospels. Here the imaginative embellishment of the life of Christ is carried to extreme lengths, though always upon a firm dogmatic basis and in the interests of orthodoxy. We must not approach these childlike records in the spirit of rationalizing and captious criticism. They fail, of course, to impress the modern mind, because they introduce a false and artificial element into a narrative which is marvellous enough already. Yet they bear witness to the fact that the Church, in its reverence for Christ, cannot and need not abandon the romantic attitude. The spiritual imagination is claimed by Christ no less than the emotions and the will, and it insists upon its rights. These simple stories and ingenious fancies add nothing to our knowledge of the life of Christ, but they tell us a great deal about those who loved Him. After all, there is an aspect of Christ's glory which eludes the scholarly historian and the dogmatic theologian, but which reveals itself readily to babes and sucklings. By all means, in our effort to understand Christ, let us pursue the path of minute exegetical research; but do not let us on that account ignore or despise the contribution which is made by sacred legend

to the complete interpretation of His personality and influence.

III

Between the early days of Christianity and the later Middle Ages the romantic interpretation of Christ suffered a decline. This may be owing to the fact that during this period the enormous significance of His coming into the world had to be diligently explored and unfolded in evangelical, theological, and institutional directions first of all among the different peoples of the Roman Empire. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, however, and among the races of northern Europe, the long-repressed romantic interest began to assert itself again and to take a dominant place. For this there may have been two reasons. On the one hand, the classical point of view was for the time being weakened, if not wholly submerged, by the barbarian invasions of the Empire during the dark ages. On the other hand, the new northern nations now admitted to the fold of the Church brought with them a predominantly romantic genius and a great wealth of romantic sentiment and tradition. The Celts, Teutons, Normans, and Scandinavians, who during the early part of the Middle Ages gradually absorbed Latin and Greek culture through the Church, still retained their inborn love of the marvellous. A predilection for poetry and romance had been nourished amid the dim twilights and stormy rigours of their cold northern climate for centuries, and had already found expression in imperishable treasures of myth, legend, and folklore. At the same time there came to the West the richly fabulous splendours of Ophir the Golden and Arabia the Blest, as the result of contact with Saracen Mohammedanism. All these streams of influence mingled their waters in the Latin-Frankish kingdom of Gaul in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the period of troubadours and minnesingers, of *chansons de geste* and Provençal poetry, when the study of Latin was

relegated to the cloister, and in every banqueting hall and lady's chamber the Romance languages for the first time came into their own.

The characteristic virtues of the time were favourable to romanticism. It was the period of feudalism, when king and count, knight and squire, villein and serf, secured themselves against the perils of a turbulent and unsettled age by mutual vows of troth and fealty, protection and obedience. It was also the age of chivalry, when incessant feuds called into existence an exacting code of valour, honour, and knightly hardihood. Finally it was an age of gallantry and courtly love. When fighting was laid aside, poetry and song and dalliance became the order of the day. In every respect the later Middle Ages were highly coloured and extraordinarily complex. They mingled courtesy with cruelty, the blandishments of love with the brutalities of war. Pillage and slaughter, lust and greed, went hand in hand with the building of cathedrals and the practice of ascetic piety. Amid all we are fascinated by a waving of banners, the flash of shields, pageants, love-philtres, enchanted castles, the coming and going of knights and troubadours, the joyous animation of jousts and tournaments.

Into this world there came the Galilean. It was a strange meeting. What had Jesus of Nazareth in common with Deirdre and Cuchullan, Siegfried and Brynnhilde, Tristan and Isolde? In a sense it was an alien world, for none of the virtues above mentioned has any necessary connexion with Christianity. Nevertheless it was an attractive world, of which something noble obviously might be made. The love of home, honour, valour, chastity, truth-speaking, was at least a good foundation for the Christian character, and promised results not always to be met with in southern climes. It was to be the work of Christ to make the most of these pagan excellences, as well as to graft upon them finer graces of His own.

The impact of Christ upon the romantic imagination of

the north may be seen first of all in the Crusades. Certain secular and political aims no doubt mingled with these enterprises, but their leading motive was religious. What fired the zeal of the first Crusaders in the eleventh century was a consuming passion to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from paynim defilement, and so win absolution from sin, increase of grace, and victory's final crown of righteousness. Such a method of showing love to the Saviour of mankind may not commend itself to us to-day. Carnage and Christ do not go well together, and it seems strange that those who professed to serve Him should glory in making the streets of Jerusalem red with the blood of His supposed enemies on the very anniversary of the day on which He cried 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Yet we must not expect from an age more than it can give. The Crusades exercised a profound influence over the romantic idealism of the Middle Ages, and in Godfrey of Bouillon and King Louis of France they produced two of the noblest figures in the whole history of Christianity.

The spell cast by Christ over the military romanticism of the Middle Ages may be seen also in the formation of the Knights Templars. 'Our word,' so ran the prologue to their monastic rule, 'is directed primarily to all who despise their own wills, and with purity of mind desire to serve under the supreme and veritable King.' There is something attractive about this *religio militaris* of mediaeval monasticism engaged in holy warfare in the service of Mother Church. Solemnly invested with snow-white robe and gleaming armour, after the cleansing bath of purification and a night of lonely vigil by Christ's altar, the Templars eagerly rode forth to do valiantly and to establish righteousness in the earth. They suffered no idle speech to pass their lips, glanced aside to no love of woman, never looked back with self-indulgent longing to the worldly life they had left behind, but willingly gave themselves to watching and to prayer, and to the unswerving obedience of the Grand Master

of their order as unto Christ Himself. Surely, among the many crowns which adorn the brow of Jesus, the romantic chaplet which has been placed there by the military orders of the Middle Ages is not the least honourable and glorious.

Once more the romantic influence of Christ on the Middle Ages is seen in the legends which thickly cluster round the Holy Grail. At first this was only a wonder-working talisman, with heathen cultural associations, the touch of which miraculously cured sufferers from all their ills or inexhaustibly supplied food and drink to such as were in need. More and more, however, under Christian influences, it came to symbolize the presence of Christ in the sacrament, the ineffable joys of the eucharistic feast, and the unearthly boon of union with the Redeemer in the beatific vision. Malory's descriptions of the appearance of the Grail to the knights of King Arthur are of surpassing beauty. The sight of it was granted for no merely physical or earthly prowess. After years of quest and painful sacrifice a holy man might well be content to catch a fleeting glimpse of it, and then die. Such a romantic conception of Christ may not appeal to us to-day. Its ascetic other-worldliness, its dreamy, phantasmal vagueness, may repel us. We may feel, even, that mediaeval romanticism foisted upon Christ a pagan character which did not properly belong to Him, and endeavoured to secure a Christian baptism for thoroughly heathen and pre-Christian virtues. Yet Christ has never disdained to speak to men in the language they know best, and He came to hallow *all* our nobler qualities, the virile and masterful among the rest. To the mediaeval warrior, valour, courtesy, and good breeding were gifts of Christ, to be used faithfully in His holy service. As a priest of God put it to Sir Launcelot when he had betrayed his trust : ' In all the world men shall not find one knight to whom our Lord hath given so much grace as He hath given thee, for He hath given thee fairness with seemliness, He hath given thee wit and discretion to know good and evil, He hath

given thee to work so largely that thou hast had all thy days the better, wheresoever thou camest ; and now our Lord will suffer thee no longer, but that thou shalt know Him whether thou wilt or nilt.'

IV

It remains to add a few words on recent and contemporary tendencies. These, of course, are very difficult to distinguish. The present age appears to be groping in several new directions. Disinclined for classicism because of its formal element, suspicious of romanticism because of its sentimental tinge, tired even of its own child realism, the inevitable expression in art of the scientific spirit, our epoch seems to be turning hopefully in the direction of impressionism, symbolism, and social propagandism. These influences may possibly give rise to a new romantic movement later on.

In the meantime it is instructive to recall the conditions that prevailed during the Great War. It was then revealed, to the surprise and concern of the Churches, how little the masses of the population had really been influenced by the Christian faith. The men in the trenches, even those brought up in Sunday schools and brotherhoods, showed themselves appallingly ignorant of the fundamental principles of historical and dogmatic Christianity. The *classical* interpretation of Christ, that is to say, which the Church had so sedulously offered to them for a generation, had made comparatively little impression upon their minds. It was impossible, however, that men should tear themselves from home and country, and embark upon a hazardous and warlike enterprise, without some religious sentiments being stirred within them. When their spiritual emotions were thus spontaneously and naturally evoked, what form did they take? To what aspect of Christ did men feel themselves most drawn? Not to the institutional or the dogmatic Christ, but to the *romantic* Christ. They went back to the spirit of the Crusades. There was the same dumb yearning

that Christ should grant His blessing on their arms, and impart His aid in securing victory, or at least preservation, in the day of battle. There was the same dedication of regimental flags in parish churches, the same Christian baptism of the military and heroic virtues of honour, courage, chivalry, and self-sacrifice. In the tumult of the campaign the most popular hymns for parade services were those which set forth Christ in some romantic aspect. At cross-roads, or by the wayside, miraculously preserved calvaries made their irresistible and mute appeal to the flagging spirits of our men. Some verses published in *Poems of To-day*, entitled 'Christ in Flanders,' show clearly how the average Tommy, who never thought of Christ in England—He was too unreal, too far away—became genuinely interested in Him at the front.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.

At home the pictures which were most popular represented the dying soldier as sharing the supreme sacrifice on the cross, or as conscious of Christ's mystic presence in his latest hour. And when the war was over, and memorials were erected to the dead in every public square or village green, it is safe to say that it was not dogmatic faith or evangelical experience, but rather a vague romantic feeling, that caused the figure of Christ crucified to be made conspicuous on so many monuments.

The typical soldier's attitude to Christ thus indicated may be pathetically defective on its theological side. Yet it is significant as showing the trend of average opinion. The modern man is not indifferent to Christ, but he seems to wish to get behind the traditional and conventional account of Him, in order to 'correct the portrait by the living Face.' If the Churches have largely lost their grip to-day, it may be because they have offered the world an emasculated Christ, and given the impression that the more venturesome and virile virtues, which the common man best understands, have no

place at all within the Christian scheme of things. The time seems ripe for a new movement which will set Christ in the forefront once again in His romantic aspect, as Captain and Leader of the host of modern chivalry, in bringing in a new and better order for mankind.

Romanticism, of course, has its own peculiar weaknesses and defects. 'I call the classical *healthy*,' wrote Goethe, 'and the romantic *sickly*.' John Foster thought that romanticism involved an unwarrantable subjection of the judgement to the imagination. There can be no doubt that it leads to an extravagance of egoism, arbitrariness, and caprice. In the sacred name of liberty and unimpeded self-expression it cherishes fanaticism and hallows all kinds of aimless and vagabond desires. Follow romanticism beyond just limits and you are led to the sloppy morass of subjective emotionalism and vapid sentiment. Carry the principle of classicism to excess, and you find yourself in the barren wilderness of cold propriety and mere decorum. What we should seek is a blending of the two. The classical spirit tends to absorb the romantic, changing its eager zest into mature wisdom; yet ever it ripens within itself the precious seed of some new movement of romanticism again.

In Jesus Christ, surely, both tendencies find their ideal fulfilment. On the one hand, He is timeless and eternal, the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the abiding, changeless, universal Lord, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' This is the Christ whose classical aspect is presented to us in the creeds and ceremonies and institutions of the Church. On the other hand, this same eternal and unchanging Christ perpetually renews Himself, romantically, in the souls of them that love Him, and leads them into ever new realms of spiritual adventure and enfranchisement and wonder. The classical Christ is pre-eminently the Christ of age, experience, and authority. The romantic Christ is the Christ of youth.

R. H. COATS.

Notes and Discussions

DEAN WACE (1838-1924)

Tonitruant writer for leading journal
Hurled in a cab to the square of type,
Painter of portraits in words diurnal,
With a pen like the brush of Rubens or Kuyp.

SUCH was the spirited quatrain in which the most musical and most forgotten among nineteenth-century minor poets celebrated the great churchman, scholar, and journalist who in the present year's first month passed away at Canterbury Deanery. In the columns and pages written at the time concerning this distinguished ornament and champion of Anglican Protestantism, little or nothing was said about the capacity in which he, first as a daily writer for *The Times*, found a place among the nation's teachers and guides. His connexion with Printing House Square had begun when some among the great journal's readers could remember in one of John Sterling's leaders the allusion 'as we thundered forth yesterday.' Those, indeed, were words that first originated the historic sheet's popular investiture with Olympian attributes. No newspaper ever owed more to its clerical or quasi-clerical contributors than the national organ whose repossession of its oldest and most patriotic prerogative has been reserved for the twentieth century's first quarter. Just a hundred years earlier there had been born to a London banker a son, John Henry Newman, who before and after the establishment of his fame 'received,' in the printing-house phrase of the period, 'the hospitality of the newspaper's columns.' Seven years after the future Cardinal's birth there began the useful and scholarly existence in store for Joseph Williams Blakesley, eventually Dean of Lincoln, but before and after that the most distinguished in his day of second or third John Walters' clerical hands. The Victorian age enriched the 'Organ of the City,' as it then began to be called, with the two most indefatigable and learned of its Oxford writers, James and Thomas Mozley, both Fellows of Oriel as well as more or less in the line of the Newman tradition. A little later than both these Oxford brothers a daily contribution came to Printing House Square from a Cambridge don, Henry Annesley Woodham, of Jesus College, ever accounted by the editors of his time the most variously useful, and under the highest pressure the most surefooted, of academic pens. During the years now recalled Thomas Arnold was occasionally requisitioned less often for a leader than a headed article or large print letter; while his future biographer and pet pupil, A. P. Stanley, continued on occasion the contributions which had first come from him to Blackfriars during the Oxford movements of the thirties.

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In the ecclesiastical succession to those now mentioned few can claim higher rank than the most distinguished survivor of Lord Balfour's Church selections. That exercise of patronage had a special family interest for the Prime Minister who bestowed it. Mr. Arthur Balfour's mother was the favourite sister of his uncle and Downing Street predecessor, the third Marquess of the Cecil line. Almost contemporary as years go with Dean Wace, Lord Salisbury was writing seldom less than his two or three *Saturday Review* articles during the years that included Mr. Wace's most notable and regular leaders in *The Times*. Seldom had the journalist passed an idle or even an easy day before, after the fashion already described, the vehicle now not less extinct than the Thames steamer landed the then West End curate at the establishment then and long after controlled by John Thadeus Delane. The hansom driver regularly retained from his stand was almost under contract for the delivery of his fare at the Blackfriars premises shortly after 10 p.m., especially on a Saturday night. The curate, as he then was, of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, and St. James's, Piccadilly, had a place among the most finished and powerful publicists of his time. His first leader appeared on April 2, 1863, and he was an active member of its staff for twenty years. Delane told a friend, 'Whatever we should have done without him is more than I can contemplate.' Between 1863 and 1865 he had made the American Civil War his speciality, and his was the pen used by the great editor to produce nearly if not quite all the articles on that subject appearing in the mighty sheet. A clergyman by calling, Henry Wace never allowed journalistic preoccupations to obscure or overgrow the studies and duties of his sacred calling. No secular penmanship ever trespassed on the pre-Sabbatic hours set aside for pulpit preparation. Before midnight struck he was clear of the Fleet Street precincts, and in his quiet West End lodging giving a last look to the discourse to be delivered at morning service a few hours hence. It could never be a reproach to him that on the first day of the week's eve he had allowed the service of Mammon, east of Temple Bar, to interfere with his more serious professional duties on the west.

Those were the days in which *The Times* 'kept its beasts in separate cages.' The future Lord Courtney and the most gifted of its foreign policy writers, Antonio Gallenga, and Robert Lowe, Lord Sherbrooke, were among Wace's collaborators. Some of them remained at the office for a chat with their editor among themselves till after the midnight chimes. Meanwhile the future Dean, as famous for his faculty of slumber as of pen, was enjoying at home his 'beauty sleep,' unbroken till, somewhat nearer to the stroke of noon, he appeared before his congregation the picture of physical as spiritual health. Before the date of these recollections the clerical and the literary part had been doubled by William Henry Brookfield, the Cambridge associate and London friend of Thackeray, of Tennyson, and of Kinglake. Within living memory the secular and the sacred gifts were similarly combined by the late Canon Teignmouth Shore and

Malcolm Maccoll—both names never to be mentioned by the present writer without grateful affection as well as respect. Dean Wace's Oxford days are not without special interest, if only because his Alma Mater connects him with the college adorned by the two most distinguished among literary churchmen, trained on the Isis for eighteenth- and nineteenth-century literature. The author of the now no doubt universally unread *Adventures of Verdant Green* knew the Oxford of his day thoroughly, but knew it only as a visitor. The Rev. Edward Bradley, who lived till the end of the last century's ninth decade, was a Durham graduate. He may have taken an *ad eundem*, but the place he knew best or depicted most congenially might have been the University town when Brasenose was perhaps the most popular but not the most studious of its colleges. There seemed then no promise of its atmosphere being etherealized by a teacher like Walter H. Pater or a scholar such as T. L. Papillon, among the chief of its nineteenth-century ornaments. In point of time, the only links between the old-world and the new-world Brasenose were furnished by Caswall, who wrote *The Art of Pluck*, and Winter, famous for the series of Oxford sketches which followed his inimitable Eton caricatures. Long before this the Sacred muses had found their home at Dean Wace's college midway between spiritual singers like those just mentioned and Wace, Brasenose produced one among the most popular preachers of his time, F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, of whom it was unamiably and unjustly said that he emptied Christianity of its Founder, to teach young ladies and servant girls rationalism.

As theological controversialist Henry Wace lived to be the freshest and most cogent of evangelical champions. By his own convictions and learning exclusively affected to know a single school of religious thought, he stood for his own communion as the Protestant Church of England by law established. He took his stand upon a sixteenth-century foundation without ever looking back to Nicene or ante-Nicene Christendom. In Church history, the studies and original researches begun soon after his ordination made him the same sort of authority as Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, the Lincoln diocesan who preceded Wace by some half a century, and whom Rome used all her persuasive powers and practical inducements to desist from his exposure of Vatican records and claims. Other and more popular services than these were rendered by Henry Wace to the faith which had fallen upon evil times, and whose enemies during his later years he had seen in quick succession to arise out of her own household. A leading spirit in the formation of the Bible League, in his opening address at Oxford during its earliest Conference he not only set forth his purpose and methods with the clearness, freshness, and force to be expected from a master of popular English; he exposed the contradictions, and from the scientific point of view alone the untenable assumption, that self-creation out of electrodes is a less wild and fantastic account of the origin of the visible universe than that contained in the allegories of Genesis.

As Principal of King's College (1883-1897) Dr. Wace filled a position less congenial perhaps to his didactic powers than that which had formerly engaged them in the great newspaper. Even for so skilled a teacher, varied and profound a scholar, as Bishop Alfred Barry the Principalship of King's had been rendered difficult by the rare combination of personal gifts, the old-world courtesy together with something of the new-world learning, possessed by his predecessor, Dr. R. W. Jelf. Even here, however, Wace moulded and influenced not a few clerical characters and careers, which have been in their day a permanent gain to moderate and enlightened Anglicanism, as in the parish so in the school. He followed Dr. Farrar as Dean of Canterbury in 1903, and did memorable service both for the city and the cathedral.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

THE recent Conference on Native Affairs, called together by the Federal Council of the Dutch Reformed Church, marked the beginning of a new epoch in the life of South Africa, and one which is going to influence for the good public opinion on the sub-continent. Eleven Missionary Churches, eight native Welfare Associations (European), and twenty-seven leaders of white and native people were assembled. There were thirty-nine European and thirty-two native delegates present. Dutch ministers sat side by side with native delegates. An Anglican Archbishop, a Moravian bishop, a Methodist President, a Dutch Moderator, and English professors and a native professor enjoyed equal privileges in this unique assembly.

The agenda was made up of six items: The teachings of Christianity as the basis for a Native Policy; the Administration and Content of Native Education: the Application of the Native Urban Area Act (1923) among Native Communities; Segregation as a fundamental plank in Native Policy; the Land Question and the Application of the Native Land Act (1913); How may the Legitimate Political Aspirations of the Natives be met?

The proceedings were conducted with serious intent, and touched with the Christian spirit; and the native delegates brought a noble and worthy contribution to the debate. The decisions arrived at were 'broad-casted' through the country, and will be conveyed to the Government by responsible continuation committees.

This study in black and white is commanding attention to-day as never before. It is a problem for the white as well as the black. Take the question of population. *White* races double in eighty years, *yellow* in sixty years; *blacks* double in forty years, and the Bantu is a virile stock. At the present birth-rate we are competently informed that in forty years there will be 15,000,000 blacks in South Africa and less than 3,000,000 whites. The question arises, Will the balance of power pass from the white civilization of the sub-continent to the black and coloured people? The political, economic, and

social problems created by mere 'growth' of population are serious enough.

Religion and education are revealing marked intellectual ability as well as strong physical powers among the natives. The soul in them is waking up. A consciousness of race-unity, of racial resource, and of self-reliance is growing up amongst them. The African is rapidly coming to his own, and in the absence of the devastating influence of despotic chieftainship, of cruel witchcraft, and decimating tribal conflicts, he is learning to look out on life without fear. He is thinking in 'our own terms' and asking questions about rights—personal and corporate. And he cannot be denied. He is not a helot. Arbitrary lines cannot be drawn. 'So far shalt thou go and no farther' cannot be applied without detriment to both black and white—politically, economically, and socially.

The native has reached a level of achievement from which he is feeling the pull of a higher level still. The Christianization of the African, as of any other people, has had as its concomitant a passionate desire for personal and social improvement, and the results are to be seen on every side. They are keenly interested in their individual and corporate development. It is a legitimate interest, and, if provided with wise guidance and a controlling moral power, they may and will grow into a great people, taking no mean part in South African affairs.

Their legitimate aspirations cannot be denied. They have their rights—the inalienable rights of manhood and nationhood. Whatever the character of the future constitution of South Africa, it will have to be so framed as to provide for the unhindered enjoyment of the right to live, the right to live in contentment and peace, the right to physical, intellectual, and moral freedom. These make exactly the same *Bill of Rights* that we claim for ourselves. White or black—these are the unchanging rights of man and of men.

The Government of South Africa must be Christian in foundation, character, and administration; and the recent Conference held in Johannesburg declared that native policy must be founded upon definite Christian teaching. A hundred years of missionary enterprise has sufficiently demonstrated this. The Christian religion provides for the deepest need of the African, and its ethics, laws, and life are singularly adapted to the requirements of his spiritual experience and the guidance of his ambitions, giving at the same time a sufficient moral restraint for the curbing of the passions of his unregenerate nature. What the best African is to-day in character, power, and service he owes to Christ.

Not yet, however, have the ethics of Christianity been sufficiently applied to every phase of African life. It is this application that gives us the acid test of the white man's Christian character as well as of the African's. The time has come when the African must share with us by *mutual consent* and arrangement.

1. **REAL ECONOMIC FREEDOM.**—There is statutory freedom from slavery. 'Black ivory' is not now a commodity of South African

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merchandise. But there must be real economic freedom. The principle must be a living wage, for them as for the whites, for a day's work fairly done.

Opportunity for real land occupation must be secured. Happily the Natives' Land Act, 1918, and subsequent measures aim at securing to the native people this right.

Encouragement of, and freedom to engage in, agricultural pursuits is being secured, and modern education is being so designed as to equip the young African for this way of life.

Government and other employers of labour are being encouraged to see to it that strife is not created by unfair economic treatment.

2. LAND RIGHTS.—As Maurice Evans says (*Black and White in South-East Africa*). 'The native question is the land question.' All native rights find their basis in the land and land occupation. This is the burning question. In colonial development three methods of determining the relation between whites and blacks obtain—*Aggregation, Congregation, Segregation*. The first is the method to be found in the French colonies in North Africa, and which we opine would never find favour in a British colony. The second is what obtains in South Africa at present, and, given the Christian spirit in all men, black and white, with all its implications, it might still be the controlling principle. The third is what many politicians wish to see tried in the Union. General Hertzog is reported to have said as recently as October 21, 1928: 'Whatever might be the measures which were adopted, two were essential. One was that the exclusive holding of land by the white man and by the native in their respective areas was essential, and secondly, that in those European areas certain trades and fields of labour should be exclusively restricted to Europeans. He knew many differed, but unless that course were adopted generations would go on until there were no longer any European fathers or mothers in South Africa to say: "What shall we do with our children?" Segregation was necessary for the benefit of the native as well as the European. White civilization was necessary to maintain them. Responsible natives agreed that the white man must continue to control them. He did not suggest suppressive legislation. Within their respective areas European and native would have the same opportunities, and the white man must see that the native advanced within his own areas.'

Segregation has come to stay in political circles, but when you come to definition the trouble begins. Some desire complete segregation, i.e. the white dwelling in one area and the blacks in a parallel area, with nothing to do with one another. The recent Conference regarded complete segregation as neither possible nor desirable. The whites will need the blacks and the blacks will need the whites. The following is the resolution:

'(1) This Conference is in favour of the principle of the differential development of the Bantu, so far as such differentiation is based on Bantu traditions and requirements and is not used as a means of repression.

'(2) So far as this general differential development can be described as "segregation," this Conference is in favour of segregation.

'(3) Understanding "segregation" in its limited geographical sense, the Conference believes that complete segregation is neither possible nor desirable. It considers, however, that a partial possessory segregation (i.e. segregation based on prescriptive or other rights to the occupation of the land), while not providing a panacea for the native problem, is a useful subsidiary measure tending to facilitate administration; and it therefore specially recommends that the integrity of the existing locations be respected and preserved.'

Partial segregation already obtains and works well in the Transkei and in Zululand. The Native Affairs Act of 1920 deals with this matter, as well as the Botha Act of 1913. It embodies a policy of parallelism such as obtains in Basutoland, and is full of suggestions for the safeguarding of Africans and their possible development along their own racial lines. But, as has already been shown, the Botha Act (1913), whilst its fundamental principle is sound, because of its inadequate land provision for the natives does not settle the question. The schedule would show 260,000,000 acres set apart for 1,100,000 whites and 40,000,000 acres for 4,000,000 natives, and much of the latter utterly valueless for occupation. The matter was considered by the Beaumont Commission that reported in 1916 and 1917. In the latter year a Native Administration Act was passed, shadowing further relief, but up to 1923 the 1913 Act remains *in status quo* until Parliament should make other provision.

Whatever kind of segregation may be adopted, a real settlement can only be secured by the African having land rights, both freehold and on lease, in native township and country. As J. H. Harris in *Africa, Slave or Free* says, 'The conditions of a real settlement of the problem are covered by three words, Sufficiency, Suitability, and Security.'

8. EDUCATION.—One of the profoundest questions in South Africa is the education of the great Bantu people. Modern Educationalists do not forget that education had its beginnings in missionary enterprise. Dr. Loram, in *The Education of the South African Native* says, 'The history of native education in South Africa is the history of South African Missions, for it is due entirely to the efforts of the missionaries that the natives of South Africa have received any education at all.' The results attained are a noble comment on the soundness of its origin and development under missionary control.

There are certain principles we must recognize. Real education should mean (see the Report of the Phelps-Stokes Commission) 'the drawing out of the latent powers of the natives and fitting them for the hard task of living an upright, useful, and economically productive life.' *Adaptation* must be the keynote of true education. The recent Conference emphasized this, and declared that the system of education must be remodelled so that it should be characterized by the greater adaptation of subjects and methods to practical

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needs; and that a larger place shall be given to industrial and agricultural training, domestic economy, and hygiene.

It is well known to all true students of human culture that real education has a basis in moral values. Hence the pleasure in reading the Report of the Phelps-Stokes Commission: 'The Commission is convinced that the religion of Christ is vital to Africa, and that missionary education must continue to be of a distinctly Christian character. There can be no hopeful future for Africa unless the forces of Christian education are greatly strengthened . . . most fundamental of all, the recognition of the power of religion in the education of life.'

The best talent of both the Government, the Education Department, the Churches, the 'intellectuals,' both white and black, must be brought to bear upon the serious problem of evolving a system of Christian education, best suited to the native people as a whole, to make them equal to the citizenship to which they naturally aspire. The reminder from Dr. Loram is also of value: 'It is to the moral, social, and economic interests of the Europeans to educate the native, and we dare not face the consequences of failing to do so.' He adds—for our comfort—'Wherever we have given him anything in the way of real education, the results have been satisfactory.' Our white civilization is being put to 'the acid test' as it is applied to our South African problems, but fidelity to the fundamental principles of Christian faith that underlie our constitution will win its way through to peace, contentment, and prosperity.

EAST LONDON.

ALLEN LEA.

THE PROPHET AS HERO

CARLYLE wrote a notable chapter upon the 'Hero as Prophet.' If one had been writing ten or twenty years ago on the prophet as hero, the very last to be chosen by most people would have been Jeremiah. By virtue of his supposed authorship of Lamentations—which he never wrote—Jeremiah was understood to have spent in weeping the time he did not occupy in foretelling worse evils to come. Thanks to modern scholarship, we have learned better. Still, the title of this 'Note' remains a paradox unless we remember that heroes, like saints, differ immensely from one another in type, and that the type depends on what kind of work a man is set to do, what kind of foes he has to fight, and the spirit in which he holds on and holds out, till his work is done.

If it is to be understood that a hero must be a conqueror, marching to the sound of drum and trumpet, acclaimed by the multitude at the head of a Roman triumph, with abject captives in his train, history will have to be re-written. 'A brother is born for adversity,' says the wise man, and a hero who has not had his share of adversity, and learned how to master it, is none. 'Prosperity,' says Bacon, 'is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the

New, which carrieth the greater benediction.' And even when we read the Old Testament, a voice is sounding in our ears, 'Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely—rejoice and be exceeding glad.' It has been well and truly recognized among us of late that amidst all the goodly fellowship of the prophets, Jeremiah is the most Christlike.

The latest portrait given us of this truly heroic and tragically misunderstood prophet is from the pen of Sir G. Adam Smith, who made him the subject of his Baird Lectures last year, since published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in a very attractive volume. The way has been abundantly prepared for this new study. Duhm and Cornill and Giesebrecht in Germany, Driver and Peake and Gillies and Skinner in this country, are only a few of the names of scholars who have lately been shedding light upon the book and the life of Jeremiah. But it is unnecessary to say that the learned—and withal very human—Principal of Aberdeen University knows well how to take a line of his own and illuminate any subject he handles, no matter who has previously written upon it. The volume he has just published will indeed be a welcome addition to the library of a student who has already a round dozen of commentaries on Jeremiah upon his shelves. But the happy man who is entering for the first time upon the fascinating study of a comparatively unfamiliar period will find in the Baird Lecture for 1922 an excellent introduction to the subject—one which will whet his appetite for more.

Amongst the many excellences of these lectures we may name two. One is the remarkable skill with which an extensive and complex subject is outlined in detail within small compass. Many topics have to be discussed; the master of his subject is the man who can include them all in his survey, and bring them into manageable limits, without disturbing their relative proportions. The other is the virtually new translation which the lecturer has given in metrical form of the poetical portions of Jeremiah. Great pains have evidently been spent on this attempt 'reverently to seek for the original forms and melodies of what we believe to be the Oracles of God.' Every student will be grateful for the renderings of Jeremiah's lyrics, here presented at great length, and will rejoice in the vivifying influence thus given to ancient chants and rhapsodies. A certain strained use of English words is inevitable, and for our own part we cannot reconcile ourselves to the perpetually recurring 'Rede of the Lord' as a rendering of *neum Yahweh*. But irregularities are inevitable in carrying out the lecturer's bold attempt to reproduce in English the rhythms of the original, and his success in the main is very striking. A closely connected subject is the discussion as to whether the prophet's oracles were delivered only in the *Qinah* metre, and we may express our gratitude that Sir George has not given way to the influence of Duhm in this and some other matters.

Other subjects of cardinal importance upon which these lectures give valuable guidance are the relation of the prophet to the Deuteronomic reform in the time of Josiah, the many questions raised

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by the international politics of the time, and the personal character and tragic history of the man Jeremiah, as given in the striking lecture entitled 'The Story of His Soul.' It is in this aspect of the prophet's career that the heroic element is fully manifested. Jeremiah not only had a terribly unpopular task to accomplish—to stand alone against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land.' Other heroes may have had to defy princes and priests on behalf of the people, or the mob in support of stable government, but not to oppose the whole land, with all classes patriotically defending it against a foreign foe. Further, Jeremiah was not temperamentally fitted for such an enterprise. Timid, sensitive, shrinking, often too eager and impatient, he was the last man, humanly speaking, to shoulder the huge burden, the exacting tasks, which were laid upon him. He of himself recoiled and sometimes rebelled against the 'too vast orb of his fate.' He cried to earth and skies, apparently in vain. 'Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me a man of quarrel and of strife to the whole of the land—all of them curse me.' Further still, and worst of all, he utterly failed—so men would say—in what he set out to do. 'For his own generation,' says Sir G. A. Smith, 'he built nothing. Sympathetic with the aims and the start of the greatest reform in Israel's history, he grew sceptical of its progress and had to denounce the dogmas into which the spirit of it hardened. . . . Though he loved his people with passion, and pled with them all his life, he failed to convince or move them to repentance—and more than once was forbidden even to pray for them. He was charged not to marry, nor found a family, nor share in either the griefs or the joys of society. His brethren and his father's house betrayed him, and he was stoned out of Anathoth by his fellow villagers. . . . At the last his word had no influence with the little band which clung to him as a fetish and hurried him to Egypt . . . and this is the last we hear of him.'

And yet this man carried through with superhuman tenacity the terrible work committed to him, because God had sent him. As a soldier, unfit for militant enterprise, will, at the risk of his own life and amid the derision of his comrades, carry out a forlorn hope, because his commander-in-chief, who can see ten thousand issues of which he knows nothing, has given him an order from head quarters which seemed to lead, and in fact does lead, to ruin and overthrow, so Jeremiah cries, 'Ah, Lord, Thou knowest; remember me and visit me.' A messenger of God who can be faithful to his trust under such circumstances is a hero—or there is none worthy the name. And then, generations after his death, the meaning was made plain which no one at the time saw, or could see, which he himself could not understand, but which we, more than 2,000 years afterwards, may still study with great spiritual advantage. Not in a brief note can the task of expounding this be undertaken; the book itself must be studied under Sir G. Adam Smith's guidance. But, for one thing, Jeremiah was the apostle of the individual. He helped to build

the bridge needed in the difficult transition from national to personal and spiritual religion. He is the standing teacher and exemplar of all those who have to hold by principle when every one else sees the superior wisdom of expediency.

Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.

The rest thrust you into a dungeon, where there is much mire, and only a negro eunuch with his 'old cast clouts and rotten rags' has compassion enough upon the victim to deliver him. All this might be borne, though with difficulty, if the cause triumphs. But in this case it did not triumph—at least visibly, or within the lifetime of the man who upheld it against weak and treacherous princes, howling priests, and an indignant, turbulent multitude, who were sure they had God on their side. Abdiel, indeed!

Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unfrightened . . .

But there we pause. For Jeremiah was no seraph, but a frail, tender-hearted, sympathetic man, who from time to time cried out when the screws of the rack strained his limbs to breaking-point. But he would not, and did not, yield. Or, like Cranmer, he half recanted, and then thrust into the scorching flame the hand that had signed—and sinned. Of such stuff earthly heroes are not made. Jeremiah is despised as 'womanish.' But a physical weakling may have ten times the moral and spiritual strength of his persecutors. 'We fools accounted his life madness and his end without honour; now was he numbered among sons of God and now is his lot among saints'—and among heroes, who will be recognized as such in 'That Day.'

W. T. DAVISON.

THE NON-RATIONAL FACTOR IN THE IDEA OF THE DIVINE¹

For more than thirty years the chair of Theology at the University of Marburg was occupied by Dr. Wilhelm Herrmann; his teaching, rendered familiar to English readers by his book, entitled *The Communion of the Christian with God*, has been widely and deeply influential. Herrmann's successor, Professor Rudolf Otto, is adding distinction to a chair already famous. Ten editions of his latest work, *Das Heilige*, have been issued in Germany since its publication in 1917—an arresting fact at any time, but doubly significant under

¹ *The Idea of the Holy*: An inquiry into the non-rational factor in the idea of the divine and its relation to the rational. By Rudolf Otto, Professor of Theology in the University of Marburg. Translated by John W. Harvey, Lecturer in Philosophy in the University of Birmingham (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d. net).

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recent conditions. Professor Harvey, in the Preface to his excellent translation, rightly interprets the success of Otto's treatise as due to its meeting a genuine need; it is 'much more than a mere vogue, and is exerting no little influence upon religious thought in Germany and North Europe at the present time.'

The translator's Preface contains a luminous summary of the contents of this work; but a few particulars concerning the author and his philosophic position may be of service to some readers, and prove helpful towards an adequate appreciation of this important contribution to theology. Reference may also be made to Otto's work, *Naturalism and Religion*, an English translation of which, by Professor J. Arthur Thomson, was published in 1907.

Professor Otto is not yet fifty-five years of age; his first book, *Luther on the Holy Spirit*, was published in 1898, and in that year he began his teaching career as Privatdozent in Göttingen, becoming in 1906 Professor of Systematic Theology and of the Philosophy and History of Religion. His work on *The Friesian Kantian Philosophy of Religion and its Application to Theology* appeared in 1909, and to-day he is, with Wilhelm Bousset, a leading representative of Neo-Friesianism. This return to Fries is one of several attempts to harmonize theology and philosophy with German idealism. Otto edited Schleiermacher's *Reden über die Religion*, but held that Schleiermacher based religion too exclusively upon feeling; in the idealism of Fries he found a more satisfactory union of religious feeling with actual knowledge. At the same time he endeavoured, as Professor Wendland has shown, to bridge the chasm between the pure and the practical Reason, as it was left by Kant. In *The Idea of the Holy* only a brief reference is made to Fries and to his pupil, De Wette, who was also Schleiermacher's colleague, but in the last chapter there is a lucid statement of the principles which differentiate Otto's system from that of the popular religious-philosophical school as expounded by Troeltsch. A few sentences will suffice to express his main contention and to show that Otto finds in Fries the most secure philosophic basis for theology. 'To profess to give a history of religion is to presuppose a spirit specifically qualified for religion.' A clear distinction is drawn between *a priori* cognitions 'such as every one is capable of having,' and innate cognitions 'such as every one does have.' It is claimed for Christianity that 'in a unique degree it springs from personal assurance and an inward first-hand cognition of its truth.' So far, therefore, from being a mere faith in traditional theology, it must 'presuppose principles in the mind enabling it to be independently recognized as true. But these principles must be *a priori* ones, not to be derived from "experience" or "history."' The argument implies that the 'witness of the Holy Spirit is immediate and self-warranted,' and leads up to the conclusion that 'religion is only the offspring of history in so far as history on the one hand develops our disposition for knowing the holy, and on the other is itself repeatedly the manifestation of the holy.'

The sub-title of Otto's book is not intended to imply any depreciation of Christianity as a rational religion; on the contrary, one sign of its superiority over other religions is that it possesses conceptions of God 'in unique clarity and abundance.' By the rational in the idea of God and the divine, Otto means 'that which is clearly to be grasped by our power of conceiving'; and by the non-rational, the hidden depth which lies 'beneath this sphere of clarity and lucidity.' Hence the significance of the argument which insists, not only that religion is more than rationalism, but also that it is wider than mysticism. To quote from Professor Harvey's helpful summary: 'The author shows that Schleiermacher, who did so much to emphasize the function of "feeling" in religion, is wrong in starting his account with the "sense of absolute dependence," for that is to start from what is after all secondary and derivative, the reflection in self-feeling of this felt presence of the divine.'

It is in his exposition of this 'felt presence of the divine' as a genuine though non-rational 'knowing' that Dr. Otto states his fundamental principle. He is himself, and he assumes that his readers are, 'sensitive to the use of words'; from *numen*, 'the most general Latin word for supernatural divine power,' he coins the derivative 'numinous.' His reason for doing this is that the word 'holy' is at once too lofty and too narrow. In our present-day usage 'holy' denotes the consummation of moral goodness, whereas this ethical element never constituted the whole meaning of the word. It is this 'extra' in the meaning of the holy that numinous signifies. In the analysis of the *mysterium tremendum*, especially impressive is the section which deals with 'the element of Awefulness,' insisting that, 'despite the protest of Schleiermacher and Ritschl,' the wrath of God is an element of holiness. Other aspects in the divine nature must be recognized than 'those which turn towards the world of men,' as, e.g., goodness, gentleness, and love. Chapters on the numinous in the Old Testament, in the New Testament, and in Luther elucidate the conception. Professor Harvey has done well to supplement the Appendix on 'The Numinous in Poetry, Hymn, and Liturgy' in which two German hymns of praise are used to illustrate the contrast between the piety in which the rational moments predominate and that in which a more numinous feeling is to be noted. He points out that Addison's hymn based on Psalm xix., and Blake's poem, 'The Tyger,' show clearly the antithesis: 'Both poets are hymning the Creator as revealed in His creation, but the difference of temper is unmistakable. On the one hand, there is the mood of tranquil confidence, serene dignity, thankful and understanding praise; on the other, a mood of trepidation, awed surmise, the hush of mystery, in which rings none the less a strange exultation.'

In the later chapters of this book the question of the supremacy of Christianity over all other religions is discussed. As a great world-religion it is held to be, in the first and truest sense, a religion of redemption. Familiarity with Sanskrit and the great classics of

Hinduism adds weight to the judgement that though the great religions of the East are also religions of redemption, Christianity surpasses them 'both in the importance it gives to the conceptions of the necessity of redemption and the grant of salvation, and in the richness of meaning it finds in them.'

Finally, after dwelling upon the numinous atmosphere that pervades the writings of St. Paul, Otto explains the apostle's experience on the road to Damascus by saying that 'the spirit from within . . . taught him that infinitely profound understanding of the Christ made manifest which has led a critic like Wellhausen to confess that, when all is said, no man has understood Christ Himself so deeply and thoroughly as Paul.' There is no setting in sharp antagonism of the Jesus of the Gospels and the Christ of the Pauline Epistles, nor any claim for Paul that he was 'the second founder of Christianity.' On the contrary, making an instructive use of Christ's teaching concerning the grain of mustard-seed, Otto writes: 'This parable hints at a change and alteration, for the grown tree is something different from the seed, but an alteration that is no transformation, no transmutation or "epigenesis," but genuine "evolution" or development, the transition from potentiality to actuality.' Even so, 'the "religion of Jesus" does not change gradually into a religion of redemption; it is in its whole design and tendency a religion of redemption from its earliest commencement, and that in the most uncompromising sense.'

'From the idea of numinous value or worth and numinous disvalue or unworth, as soon as these have been developed,' springs the felt necessity and longing for atonement. It is a startling statement that were there in Scripture no word written about expiation and atonement, 'it might still be written to-day from our own experience.' Here as elsewhere it might fairly be argued that the historical evidence is not estimated at its full value. But although the language employed is unconventional, there is true insight into the mystery of the Cross when it is described as 'the mirror of the eternal Father (*speculum aeterni Patris*); and not of the "Father" alone—the highest interpretation of the holy—but of Holiness as such.' Yet again the Cross of Christ is said to be 'a monogram of the eternal mystery' of the guiltless suffering of the righteous. The thought which dominates this work, as profound in its erudition as it is elevating in its devotional spirit, finds noble expression in a passage with which this all-too-inadequate notice must close: 'Here rational are enfolded with non-rational elements, the revealed commingled with the unrevealed, the most exalted love with the most awe-inspiring "wrath" of the numen, and, therefore, in applying to the Cross of Christ the category "holy," Christian religious feeling has given birth to a religious intuition profounder and more vital than any to be found in the whole history of religion.'

J. G. TASKER.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

Theism and Thought, a Study in Familiar Beliefs. Being the second course of Gifford Lectures, 1922-23. By the Earl of Balfour, K.G. (Hodder & Stoughton. 15s. net.)

READERS of this volume are reminded throughout of its close connexion with a previous course of Gifford Lectures, delivered in 1914. The interval of nine years is long and direfully significant. Across such a chasm the lecturer again takes up a theme of paramount importance, and completes the line of argument on the grounds of Theistic belief, which he initiated with conspicuous ability in the tranquil days before the war. The object of the two courses of lectures is to determine 'on what theory of the universe the highest values of ethics, aesthetics, and knowledge—the good, the beautiful, and the true—could be most effectively maintained.' And the method of the lecturer is to show by a study of 'familiar beliefs' about nature, beauty, and morality that their values cannot be maintained unless we are prepared to pass beyond them—that 'unless they be transcended they must surely wither.' Lord Balfour does not claim that this method of inquiry provides a fully-fledged system of philosophy. But he has succeeded in accomplishing what many technical philosophers have sadly failed to provide, an assurance to the 'plain man' that knowledge, love, and beauty—those things by which men live and in which is the life of the spirit—justify the values which the highest instincts of mankind have ever accorded them, if, and only if, there be given to them, 'an origin congruous with their essential nature.' A considerable part of the argument is distinctly negative in character. Employing the method of 'philosophic doubt' which he pursued in a volume published a generation ago, Lord Balfour shows the weak spots in the philosophical groundwork of the systems known as Naturalism and the New Realism. On Idealism, or, as Lord Balfour calls it, mentalism—a name which is not an improvement on the more familiar term, and is hardly likely to be employed in its place—the lecturer here says little, as the subject had been dealt with in previous lectures. But, taking such familiar beliefs as that in the existence of an external world of things and persons—a multitude of fellow men, like ourselves, who know and feel and act as we ourselves do, the argument

shows how unsatisfactory an account of these is given by the philosophical creed known as 'Naturalism,' and how the values which all men esteem the highest in life are damaged by any naturalistic theory of their origins. The philosophy styled the 'New Realism,' represented for the moment by Mr. Bertrand Russell, receives similar critical examination, and the conclusion reached is that in reference to 'such great commonplaces as the reality of the external world and the true being of those who dwell therein,' the most famous attempts to deal with our inevitable beliefs concerning their existence and nature are profoundly divergent and eminently unsatisfactory.

There is an obvious objection to Lord Balfour's whole method, viz., that he seeks to establish faith upon a basis of scepticism; that he claims Theism as the necessary support of a familiar creed, because its basis has never been satisfactorily reasoned out. This objection has been frequently made, and Lord Balfour here replies to it once again. He does not hold that 'methodological doubt' leads to scepticism, but that the ordinary man's working creed is 'true, or on the way to truth.' Unknown billions of men and women have shared this creed without possessing the reasoning ability of philosophers. They were right. But how came they to be right? So far from seeking answers to fundamental questions, it never occurred to them that such questions could even be asked. 'Was chance then their teacher?—or selection?—or some supramundane mind?' Lord Balfour urges that as we men, 'whether we know it or not, whether we like it or not, are still *in statu pupillari*, as children living by beliefs unconsciously absorbed from our surroundings, beliefs we rarely question, and, if put to it, could ill defend,' we are driven to postulate divine guidance. The true remedy for the deficiencies of philosophy in all her varying schools is to be found in Theism.

The argument thus roughly sketched is presented in the lucid persuasive style, and with all the philosophic acumen and subtlety characteristic of the distinguished lecturer. Its value as a whole will be differently estimated. It is largely concerned with criticism of two philosophical systems, one of which is dying and the other hardly yet born. The argumentative demolition of Naturalism and Neo-Realism is valuable in its place, but it goes only a short way towards establishing Theism. The positive and constructive side of Lord Balfour's argument constitutes its real strength. Philosophers may continue to demolish other people's theories without being able to establish their own. Men need, as we are here reminded, something more than pantheism or deism, 'doctrines of an Absolute about which everything can be said, or a One about which nothing can be said.' The last sentence of the last lecture in this volume sums up the main conclusion of these two admirable courses of Gifford Lectures: 'Theism of a religious type is necessary if the great values on which depend all our higher life are to be reasonably sustained.' The philosopher and the plain man meet together, but there is One who is the Maker of them all.

Moral Theology. By F. J. Hall, D.D., and F. H. Hallock, D.D. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Hall's old pupil has prepared his teacher's syllabus of lectures on this subject, brought them up to date, and filled in the footnotes. Dr. Hall himself has revised the work and written the opening chapter on 'The Study of Moral Theology.' There is a serious lack of literature on the subject adapted to the needs of ministers, and this book meets a real need. Dr. Hall holds that a true moral science places God at the centre as our chief end. Moral theology should measure all obligations in the light of their bearing on eternal life. Its several branches are Moral Philosophy, concerned with ethical theory and the definition of the fundamental ethical concepts; Moral Theology proper, giving a logically connected account of all Christian obligation; Casuistry; Ascetic Theology, and Mystical Theology. This comprehensive survey is followed by an account of ancient and modern ethics. We then come to Moral Philosophy, which deals with the rationale of duty and virtue. This is treated of under three heads—the Agent, the End, and the Act. To fulfil his chief end man must put true religion in practice, whose central purpose is to bring us into touch with God and to develop our relations with Him. The Law of God, the Law of Reason, and superimposed Moral Law as represented by the Decalogue and our Lord's summary of it are next considered, and a chapter is devoted to Sacramental Obligations. The three last chapters are on 'Expediency and Example,' 'The Sacrament of Penance' and 'Sin.' The book is specially adapted to Anglo-Catholic conditions and needs, but it will repay careful study by Nonconformists also. It is always lucid, and has a bracing moral tone from first to last.

The Sufficiency of Christianity: an inquiry concerning the nature and the modern possibilities of the Christian religion, with special reference to the religious philosophy of Dr. Ernst Troeltsch. By R. S. Sleight, M.A., Ph.D. (James Clarke & Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Christian Thought: its History and Application. By the late Dr. Ernst Troeltsch. Translated into English by various hands, and edited by Baron F. von Hügel. (University of London Press. 5s. net.)

Dr. Ernst Troeltsch died in the spring of 1923 at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight. He was a distinguished representative of the religious-historical school of theology, but on philosophy and politics as well as on history and theology he had written at great length during the last thirty years. At the time of his death he was Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin, and formerly he occupied the chair of Theology in the University of Heidelberg. Until the publication of these two important volumes only one of Troeltsch's works had been translated into English, namely

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Protestantism and Progress (1912); but erudite articles in Hastings' *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* introduced many students to this original and influential thinker.

Dr. Sleight's volume has the distinction claimed for it by Dr. William Fulton in his Introduction to *The Sufficiency of Christianity*. It is 'the first general or comprehensive study of Troeltsch to be published in the English language,' and it gives abundant evidence of thorough and sympathetic study of writings which are encyclopaedic in their range and by no means easy to master on account of the closely woven texture of thought. Under such headings as 'The Reality and Validity of Religious Experience and Knowledge,' 'The Question of Religious Certitude,' and 'The Christian Outlook upon the Modern World' the principles of Troeltsch's religious philosophy are clearly stated, and supported by copious and excellently translated quotations from his books and articles. Dr. Sleight has chosen to be 'prevailingly positive, interpretative, and appreciative,' but at times differences of judgement are expressed. Fuller references to the German criticisms of Troeltsch would have been welcome, but Dr. Sleight has been eminently successful in providing a most helpful exposition of the historical and religious philosophy of a great thinker. Special acknowledgement should be made of the chronological table of Troeltsch's chief writings.

The title, *Christian Thought; its History and Application*, was chosen as the common theme of three lectures by Dr. Troeltsch, written for delivery in England, because it 'expresses the treble characteristics of his mind.' The lectures are entitled respectively, 'The Place of Christianity among the World-religions,' 'Ethics and the Philosophy of History,' 'Politics, Patriotism, and History.' The translations have, in every instance, been carefully revised, and the result is a smoothly-flowing rendering which never suggests that the lectures were written in German. It may be noted that two different translations are given of one of Troeltsch's favourite words, *Der Historismus*. Once it is rendered 'The historical standpoint,' and once 'The historical temper.' Dr. H. R. Mackintosh, in the *Expository Times*, is content with 'historism.'

In the next number of this REVIEW fuller reference will be made to Troeltsch and his philosophical and religious outlook. This notice commends to the attention of students the two important works already mentioned. Of especial value are the twenty pages of Introduction, by Baron F. von Hügel—a perfect example of gentle but penetrating criticism, mingling generous appreciation with fundamental dissent from some of the opinions of a writer highly eulogized.

Religion, Philosophy, and History. Four Lectures by Thomas B. Strong, Bishop of Ripon. (Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

Dr. Strong delivered these lectures at Leeds a year ago. He regards the world, seen from the point of view of the Christian religion, as

an historic process through which God expresses Himself, through natural law and moral right imperfectly and provisionally, through the Incarnation completely and finally. 'When the fullness of the time came God actually sent forth His Son.' The bishop shows that religion supplies a real and most comprehensive view of all experience. It begins with a sense of a Being in the world who works in it in some fashion, and who is more approachable at certain places and times, and by certain methods, than others. 'In this rather inarticulate conviction are hidden the germs of science and philosophy, art and ethics, as well as religion in its higher forms.' In the last lecture the divergencies between the philosophical and the religious mind are considered, and the conclusion is reached that the Christian faith not only restores proportion and order to our idea of the world, but is the ideal form in which the deep-seated impulse of man to seek after God is expressed and satisfied. It is a book for thoughtful readers, who will find it a real aid to faith.

1. *The Bible Doctrine of Wealth and Work in its Historical Evolution.* (6s. net.)
 2. *The Bible Doctrine of Womanhood in its Historical Evolution.* (3s. 6d. net.)
- By Charles Ryder Smith, B.A., D.D. (Epworth Press.)

1. The problems of capital and labour are warmly debated, and many important volumes have been devoted to them. Dr. Ryder Smith goes straight to the Bible, and brings out its teaching as to wealth and work. The historical development in the Old Testament is traced in four chapters on the Patriarchal story and Israel before, under, and after the Kings; two chapters set forth the New Testament Ideal and Practice; and an Epilogue deals with the problems of wealth and work to-day. The scholarly care with which the subject is opened out and the references to authorities are given invites confidence, and leads steadily on to the view of present conditions in the Epilogue. Dr. Smith sees no cure for industrial strife till 'masters' seek their workmen's weal as sedulously as their own, and the 'men' are as careful of their employers' advantage as of wages. He gives reasons why Socialism is not the final Christian account of society, and feels that Syndicalism has its own peril in the selfishness of societies. Capitalism, Socialism, Syndicalism, each in its own way comes short of the Christian ideal. The question is how far each shall obtain. 'Christians will differ about the answer, but they will agree that it ought to be given according to the norm—"How should those act who would fain serve man because they love God?"' Such a calm and judicial summary of this vital subject will do much to clear the thought and shape the conduct of all Christian students.

2. This subject has come much to the front since the Great War. Changes have been precipitated which had been slowly preparing for generations. Dr. Ryder Smith says, 'The problem of womanhood has historically been the problem of sex within mankind, and so, since

mankind is a society of persons, the problem of its regulation among mankind.' The word 'home,' with its implicit ideas of fatherhood and brotherhood, gives the key to the whole Bible doctrine of society. At the beginning of the long evolution stands the Patriarch, and it was a difficult and tedious path by which the personality of other members of the society of home came to be admitted. Dr. Smith describes the three types of womanhood in the Old Testament—those of Ruth, Jezebel, and the Shulammitte—in a striking way, and then considers the New Testament ideal where home has 'that combination of freedom and service which is foretelling and foretaste of "heaven." Such a home is the constant habitat of the equality that is submission and the submission that is equality, and this on the side both of the husband and the wife.' A brief Epilogue is devoted to the problem of womanhood to-day. What callings women are to share with men time must show. The women who choose to be pioneers must face their peculiar responsibility, but 'her claim to be a person equally with men is a Christian claim; and, however completely and rightly the callings peculiar to each be secluded, men and women will be found at last equal as well as different.' It is a wise and helpful discussion of a subject which interests both men and women.

Foundations of Faith: I. Theological. By the Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)

This is the first of a series of four volumes which will seek to cover the whole ground of theoretical and practical religion. It seeks to remove various difficulties, and to show that Christianity offers the only adequate explanation of existence, contains the only sufficient answer to human need, and holds out the one hope of the world. That is a great task, but this first volume shows that it is in competent hands. The argument is close and needs careful attention, but the more one lingers over it the more it commends itself to the judgement and the more helpful it becomes. Dr. Orchard starts with 'The Existence of God.' 'There is an absence of such absolutely compelling demonstration as to leave the mind with no sort of choice; but it is doubtful whether even the existence of ourselves or of things outside is in any better condition, or whether any such demonstration actually exists.' The question 'Can man know God?' is handled in the same lucid way, and leads to the conclusion that man 'knows God better than he knows himself, for he only knows himself by knowing God. This can be the only explanation of our being such a moral mystery to ourselves.' The subjects of Creation, Evolution and the Fall, Human Freedom and Responsibility, and the Problem of Evil, are treated with the same insight and breadth of view. The chapter on Providence and Grace is very suggestive. Providence may be used to include the whole activity of God directed towards His creation subsequent to the creative act. It is 'the perpetual power which sustains the universe and provides man with everything

necessary to life and salvation.' Providence is more wonderful than creation, for it must allow freedom to man and yet maintain the sovereignty of God. Grace is providence individualized. It is a supernatural gift intended to lift man from a life of nature to the life of God. The closing section on 'Comparative Religion' says well that the great truths which other religions 'have lived by, Christianity incarnates in an ever-living Person, which gives them greater power; the truths they have perverted, it rescues and restores to their right meaning; and the truths they have only been able to grope after, it at length sets forth clear and unmistakable.' The book deserves a warm welcome and it will have it.

The Last Journey of Jesus to Jerusalem. Its Purpose in the Light of the Synoptic Gospels. By W. H. Cadman, B.Litt., B.D., D.Theo. (H. Milford. 7s. 6d. net.)

The tutor in Greek at Mansfield College regards our Lord's last journey to Jerusalem as primarily the result of opposition from the religious authorities and from Herod Antipas. He examines the Synoptic stories of the conflicts between our Lord and the religious officials in Galilee, and the attitude of Herod Antipas. Dr. Schweitzer's theory that our Lord's withdrawal from Galilee was due to the people does not commend itself to his judgement. Jesus went to Jerusalem to preach as well as to die. The confession incident was occasioned partly by the recent action in Galilee, but much more by our Lord's intention to bring His cause to a decision in Jerusalem itself. The stern order to be silent as to Peter's view of His person was a precautionary measure, framed with regard to that journey to the capital on which all our Lord's hopes now rested. After dealing with incidents on the way to Jerusalem, Dr. Cadman reaches the final appeal. Our Lord went to Jerusalem 'to prosecute the mission, the place and the time being deliberately chosen because they provided the conditions of something approaching a national appeal.' The hostility of the official world grew with His power over the people, and at last they found an accusation—that our Lord claimed Messiahship—which the people would endorse and on which the Roman procurator would authorize the death penalty. Students will find much light thrown on the critical stages of the ministry both in Galilee and in Jerusalem.

Tatian: Perfection according to the Saviour. Edited by Rendel Harris, D.Theo. (Rylands Library. 1s. 6d. net.) This is an article reprinted from the *John Rylands Bulletin*. In 1836 the Armenian Convent of St. Lazarus, near Venice, printed four volumes in Armenian of the writings of St. Ephraim, the Syrian scholar. In translating these volumes Joseph Schäfers detected what he regarded as a portion of a tract by another hand. This Dr. Rendel Harris thinks may be identified with a missing work by Tatian on the perfection of discipleship. The date, authorship, and contents are discussed with rare skill and learning. The tract gives the Saying of Jesus quoted

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by Origen and Didymus of Alexandria, and adds a second sentence : 'Our life-giving Saviour says, He that is near me is near the fire ; and he that is far from Me is far from the life. And, we, too, we who long after the heavenly gates of the Kingdom, and to be enrolled in the lists of Life.' Dr. Harris confidently assigns this work to Tatian, or to one who was almost a contemporary and had a precisely similar religious and ethical outlook. The study is one of peculiar interest and no small importance.

Church Principles. By P. Carnegie Simpson, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5s. net.) This volume has grown out of the writer's work as a member of the Lambeth Committee on Reunion. It is based on two general postulates—that the Church is essentially *living* and primarily *Christian*. His seven chapters deal with 'The Creative Fact,' 'The Visible Body,' 'People and Ministry,' 'Word and Sacrament,' 'Scripture and Creed,' 'Freedom and the State,' 'The Living Church.' The solidarity between Christ and His people is the originating and essential principle in the being and life of the Church. The double fellowship with Christ and with those who are united to Him is the essential life of the Church. Many a difficulty is removed by Professor Simpson's thought : 'I am closer to Christ than I am to the Apostles, and I am surer of the Church than any one can be of the succession. So, it seems better and even safer to rest one's ministry, as one would rest salvation itself, on what is immediate in experience and unassailable in fact.' Every one labouring for reunion will find much to guide thought and action in this important survey of the subject.

The Fairness of Trial and Other Sermons. By W. L. Watkinson. (Epworth Press. 5s. net.) Dr. Watkinson has given us many volumes of sermons, but none richer or more full of comfort than this. It deals with life's experiences in a way that will strengthen faith and increase patience. Every page has words that go home to the conscience and heart and is lighted up by matchless illustrations. What insight there is in these words : 'The subtlety of temptation is nothing more than the reflection of the mystery of iniquity working in our own heart. If we are set on what is pure, rational, wholesome, the eyes of our mind are not to be blinded ; the illusions of sin are foolishness, the craft of the devil, patent and despised imposition.' There are nineteen sermons, with titles that stir the imagination and with messages that were never more needed than to-day. 'Obstinate Faith' is a trumpet call : 'The faith that has overcome the world is a rational faith ; it justifies itself already, and will not in the end make us ashamed.' It is a real privilege to sit at the feet of such a master, and every one who reads this volume will be stronger to face what it describes as 'Life's Alpine Difficulties.'

A Casket of Cameos. More Texts that made History. By F. W. Boreham (Epworth Press. 6s. net.) 'By Ways of Introduction' the lives of noble men are described as 'The streams that, transforming every dusty desert into a fruitful field or a garden of roses, fill the

world with life and loveliness.' Mr. Boreham traces these sparkling waters to their secret source and fountainhead far up among the hills. They are unique sermons. Each of the twenty-five has its arresting portrait attached. We see how some Bible text shaped a noble life, and feel that the same power may operate in our own lives. The stories range widely, from Santa Teresa to Sir Ernest Shackleton. Fiction yields up some of its treasures, but for the most part we find ourselves watching the making of saints and reformers and heroes of the Cross. The central facts of each life are brought out in a way that fastens attention, and every step leads up to the final word which imprints the message on one's own heart.

The Abingdon Press caters well for American students. Professor Eiselin, of Garrett Biblical Institute, who has already dealt with the Pentateuch and the Psalms, has written two important volumes (\$2.50 net each) on *The Prophetic Books of the Old Testament*. The first deals with the prophetic histories (Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings), and the prophetic sermons (Isaiah and Jeremiah). Volume 2 is devoted to Ezekiel and the minor prophets. Questions of date and authorship are dealt with in a very lucid way, and full account is taken of the critical problems presented by each book. It is the careful work of an acknowledged master of Old Testament studies.—*Sent forth*, by W. E. Tilroe (\$1.75), is a book on preaching, addressed to preachers. The writer is Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University of South California, and has a stimulating and fruitful message. The titles of his chapters are arresting, and he has much to say about 'The Thrills of the Bible,' 'Evangelism,' 'The Preacher's Ideals,' and other subjects which deeply concern the preacher.—*The Master*, by J. Wesley Johnston (\$1.25), fastens on ten incidents in the life of Christ, and weaves them into simple stories which are both beautiful and impressive.—*Tales of Golden Deeds*, by Mildred O. Moody (\$1.25), is for the use of teachers. Its stories are chiefly drawn from the Bible, but a few others are added, such as Hans, the hero of Holland, and the boy on London Bridge. Story questions are given at the end of each chapter. There are eleven full-page illustrations.—*A Candle of Comfort*, by Charles H. Pace (50 cents), has a helpful introduction on 'The Ministry of Consolation' and seven brief sermons for troubled hearts. It is a little book with a welcome message.

The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. An Eirenicon. By U. Z. Rule. (Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. net.) Mr. Rule thinks the gravest barrier to reunion among the Churches lies in differences of belief as to the Eucharist. He examines the teaching of Scripture and of the Catholic Church, and urges that extreme High Churchmen, whilst holding fast to the Spiritual presence, must give up 'the doctrine of the presence upon our altars, and in our hands, of our Lord's actual body and blood,' and that extreme Evangelicals must 'accept the doctrine of the Godward memorial in the Holy Eucharist.' It is a timely and temperate appeal, which ought to bear fruit.—

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The Idea of Revelation, by W. R. Matthews, D.D. (1s. 6d. net), and *Authority*, by T. B. Strong, D.D. (9d. net) (Longmans and Co.), are Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity publications. Professor Matthews brings out the meaning of revelation, and shows how it is to be related to the modern view of evolution. He then discusses the supernatural, and meets the objection that acceptance of revelation must involve a restriction of intellectual freedom. Bishop Strong thinks we have conceived the notion of authority too narrowly and abstractly. The Spirit would be stifled 'if we regard the past as a storehouse of rigid precedents, to be applied mechanically for ever under the form of authority.'

Personal Religion and the Life of Devotion. By W. R. Inge. (Longmans & Co. 2s. 6d. net.) This is a very choice book for Lenten study, and, as the Bishop of London says in his Preface, leads the reader 'into a kingdom of faith, hope, joy, and consecration which is "not of this world."' The opening chapter on 'The Hill of the Lord' gives an attractive account of mystical religion, and leads up to chapters on 'The Soul's Thirst,' 'Faith,' 'Hope,' 'Joy,' 'Self-consecration,' 'The World,' and 'Bereavement.' The last gives a touching account of the Dean's little daughter of eleven, who died a year ago. The book is dedicated to the memory of this little saint, with a lovely portrait and some tender Latin verses in memoriam. No wonder the Dean describes bereavement as 'the deepest initiation into the mysteries of human life, an initiation more searching and profound than even happy love.'

The Old Testament and To-day. By J. Arundel Chapman, M.A., and Leslie D. Weatherhead. (Epworth Press. 2s. net.) Two young ministers here set themselves to meet problems as to the Old Testament which are disturbing the minds of many young people with whom they have to do. They hold that the findings of modern criticism enrich our conception of the Old Testament, and state their case with ability and entire confidence that truth can be left to look after itself, and that criticism only deepens the sense of wonder at the marvellous providence which gave us the Old Testament. It is a little book which will have a reassuring and helpful message for many thoughtful readers.—*Short Lectures on Modern Hebrew Literature*. By Chief Rabbi J. L. Landau, M.A., Ph.D. (Longmans & Co. 3s. 6d. net.) Dr. Landau is Professor of Hebrew in the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, and his Introduction has much to say of the importance of the study of Hebrew. This is followed by sketches of modern Hebrew scholars of the Mendelssohnian Period, beginning with Luzzatto, born at Padua in 1707, who compiled his first biblical drama, 'Samson and the Philistines,' when he was only seventeen, and closes with Samuel David Luzzatto of Trieste, who became Professor of Exegetical Theology and Jewish History in Padua. It is an impressive record of industry and devotion among Jewish scholars who are little known

in outside circles, and Dr. Landau tells it with well-deserved sympathy and appreciation.—*The Epistle to the Hebrews*. By J. H. Wade, M.A. (Skeffington & Son. 2s 6d. net.) The Vicar of Kingsbury Episcopi pleads for renewed consideration of a book which shows how rich is the inheritance of the faith, and how glorious it is to do our utmost for the highest. Nine chapters on leading features and problems of the Epistle are followed by a brief commentary. The literary charm of the Epistle is well brought out. It is a book that will be welcomed by devout readers.—*Notes on the Revelation*, by P. P. Cutchey (Elliot Stock, 1s. net.), is a new and revised edition of this attempt to set forth 'the meaning of the symbols as revealed in the history of the world.' The writer thinks we are on the eve of the millennium of peace. The age of war has reached its end by military fire. That world is destroyed, but 'the earth, in all its beauty, God hath established it, and it abideth for ever.'—*Spiritual Healing*. By the Rev. Harold Anson, M.A. (London University Press. 3s. 6d. net.) The writer has for eight years been Chairman of the Guild of Health, and believes that the patient re-educating of character, using at the same time all the help that medicine and surgery, sanitation and psychology, can give, is the best and fullest kind of spiritual healing. He points out the errors of Christian Science, and shows how religion promotes the healing of the whole personality. It is a sensible and helpful presentation of a subject on which many are looking for wise guidance.—*The Fall of Nineveh*. By C. J. Gadd. (Milford. 1s. net.) This paper, read before the British Academy, uses a clay tablet in the British Museum to fill up and correct the historical record of the fall of Nineveh. The correct date was 612 B.C., not 606, as is generally accepted. After the fall a remnant escaped to Harran, where a new Assyrian king ascended the throne. He made an alliance with Egypt, but that did not save the city, which fell to the attack of the Scythians and Babylonians in 610. It is a short study, full of interest.—*The Class-Leader's Companion*, 1924. Edited by the Rev. Arthur Myers. (Epworth Press. 1s. net.) Strong desires have been expressed that the publication of this Companion should be resumed, and Mr. Myers has produced a little volume of weekly studies which will stimulate thought and lead to practical results. He has gathered material from the best sources, and there is a welcome freshness about it all.

The Revelation of St. John the Divine. By Rev. W. J. L. Sheppard, M.A., 2 vols. (R.T.S. 3s. 6d. net each.) These volumes are a welcome addition to the Religious Tract Society's *Devotional Commentary*. The Vicar of Ripon has tested his expositions in public addresses, and has been able to give working class hearers a clear conception of the meaning and message of the Apocalypse. It deals with spiritual principles, not with historical events; it is written in symbolical language, and almost entirely drawn from Holy Scripture. The work may be strongly commended to all devout readers. It is lucid and practical throughout.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Wilberforce : A Narrative. By R. Coupland. (Oxford : Clarendon Press. 16s. net.)

THIS is a book which Englishmen may be proud to read. Professor Coupland says there is nothing in modern literature, save Leslie Stephen's article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to recall the memory of Wilberforce and his work to the present generation. We know something of him as 'the Emancipator,' and that side of his work is vividly set forth in this Narrative, but he was also a great Parliamentarian, who wielded enormous influence at various crises in the political history of the times. Above all, he was a saint whose *Practical View* made a profound impression on his own generation. Burke spent a great part of his last two days reading it, and said, 'If I live I shall thank Wilberforce for having sent such a book into the world.' His friendship with Pitt adds much to the interest of this study. Pitt himself stands out as a noble patriot, of whom Wilberforce wrote : 'No man ever loved his country with a warmer or more sincere affection.' Wilberforce's influence in society was that of one 'who could refuse to conform without seeming to condemn.' After the abolition of the slave-trade 'his moral authority was almost pontifical.' Professor Coupland evidently does not approve his attitude towards Hinduism. Wilberforce, he says, 'while he could tolerate Nonconformity and, with an effort, Romanism, drew the line at "heathen" creeds.' But most readers of this volume will sympathize with Wilberforce's conviction that suffering India 'to remain, without an effort to the contrary, under the most depraved and cruel system of superstition which ever enslaved a people,' was 'the greatest by far, now that the slave-trade has ceased, of all the national crimes by which we are provoking the vengeance and suffering the chastisement of heaven.' His noble and unselfish service lifted the whole tone of Parliamentary life. Every side of his character and work is here set forth with rare insight and skill. His charities and his devotion, his never-failing courage and his zeal in the cause of the slave, all alike make their appeal, and not least impressive is his serene old age, when his gay and playful disposition delighted all about him. It was a noble life, and this volume really does it justice.

The History of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society.
By G. G. Findlay, D.D., and W. W. Holdsworth, M.A.,
B.D. Volume V. (Epworth Press. 18s. net.)

THIS volume brings to a close the history of a wonderful century of service for the world. It culminates in the record of work in Ceylon, India, and China, three of the most difficult spheres of missionary labours, and in each it has a story to tell of devotion and enterprise

which fills the heart with praise and hope. Ceylon carries us right back to the times of Dr. Coke. North and South Ceylon each has its chapter, lighted up with illustrious names and records of success. A supplement on 'The Indigenous Ministry of Ceylon' shows that from the beginning the principles of calling out their own ministers from among the people of the country, of the best possible education for such a ministry, and of getting the local Church to provide for their support were kept in view. The story of work in India is set in its historical background, its methods are described, and a chapter is given to the pioneers and the first advance. Under the happy title 'Parables of the Kingdom of God' the history of each District is told, with much interesting detail as to the work and the workers, both English and native. Burma is here, and the great centres of Indian life and worship. An important chapter is devoted to 'Mass Movements' and a supplement on 'The Indian Church of the Future' shows that the way is ready for another step towards self-government. 'For many years—no man can say how long—India will need the services of our missionaries and the gifts of British Methodism, but the time may come when the missionaries whom we send abroad will be permitted to labour in connexion with "an Indian Church," and our Missionary Society will enjoy the affection and esteem of that Church as a welcome auxiliary.' The third section describes the missions in China. The story has a fascination of its own. Its pioneers were heroic men and women, and their heroism has already reaped a rich reward, and has still richer promise of fruitfulness in the future. The medical and educational work is set forth in a way that will arrest attention and prove how wisely the Society has laid its plans for the conquest of China for Christ. Here again we have an attempt to forecast the Chinese Church of the future. The problems are acute, but they are being faced with hope and with courage. The martyrs have been many, but they have not laid down their lives in vain. The Chronological Table prepared by Miss A. B. Cooke links up the events of the mission field with contemporary events, and will prove a valuable guide for students. The history has been a tremendous task. Dr. Findlay laid the foundations and did much of the work, and Mr. Holdsworth has carried it to completion in a way that will earn the gratitude both of the Mission field and of the whole Church at home.

Canon Rawnsley. An Account of his Life. By Eleanor F. Rawnsley. (MacLehose, Jackson & Co. 10s. net.)

The Rawnsleys were settled in Lincolnshire for a hundred and fifty years, but their name, a corruption of Ravenslawe, seems to suggest that Ravenslawe Cliff, near Halifax, was the original home of the clan. The Canon's grandfather was Rector of Halton Holgate, where he was the neighbour and intimate friend of Dr. Tennyson, Rector of Somersby and Bag-Enderly. Canon Rawnsley was

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born on September 28, 1851, at Shiplake-on-Thames, where his father was vicar. A year earlier Alfred Tennyson had been married from Shiplake Vicarage. When the boy was ten his father became Rector of Halton Holgate. There were ten children, and there were ponies to ride to the meet, fish to catch in the brook, and birds and flowers to be hunted for. Their father used to visit Tennyson every year at Farringford, and as each volume of poetry appeared a presentation copy found its way to the rectory and was read aloud in the evening to the family. That gave the future Canon a talent for verse which 'became in later life the natural and ready mould into which, with entire lack of self-consciousness, he would pour alike his deepest thoughts and feelings and his most playful passing fancies.' He was sent to Uppingham, to be under his father's friend, Edward Thring, whom he learned to love and reverence. At Balliol he was fortunate in having T. H. Green and R. L. Nettleship as his tutors, and owed much to Jowett's kindness and sympathy. He was ordained in 1875, and took charge of the Clifton College Mission just inaugurated by Dr. Percival. After two years in Bristol he accepted the living of Wray, on Windermere, and in 1883 found his sphere as Vicar of Crosthwaite, where he laboured for nearly thirty-four years. His wife says at Keswick his cup of joy was filled to overflowing. He could at every turn summon for companionship the historic associations and the ghosts of those who had peopled the valley in the past. His sermons were constantly in his mind, and were on paper as early as possible in the week, to be amended again and again. He never failed to try to establish human relations with any one with whom he came in contact, and a large amount of his best spiritual work was done by his life of genuine feeling touching those of his people. But he had a still wider vocation. He became to the world the embodiment of Lakeland, and took an active part in the formation in 1893 of the 'National Trust for Places of Interest and Natural Beauty.' That formed one of his chief interests. Hardly a day passed without correspondence or consultation on its affairs. He made us all his grateful and growing debtors, and his wife's beautiful record will be highly prized, not only by lovers of his books, but by all who feel pride in the beauties of England and see how much he did to preserve them to us.

A Century of Excavation in the Land of the Pharaohs. By James Blaikie, F.R.A.S. (Religious Tract Society. 7s. 6d. net.)

No adequate account of excavation in Egypt has appeared, and this volume does much to fill the gap. It begins with the pioneers who followed Napoleon's expedition in 1798, devotes a chapter to Mariette, who went to Egypt in 1850 to buy Coptic manuscripts for the Louvre and discovered the Serapeum, with its avenue of sphinxes, leading up to the temple of Osiris or Apis. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 he secured the first adequate representation of

Egyptian antiquities. He gave thirty years to Egypt, and died in 1881, having brought to an end the period of reckless pillage there. The account of the Pyramids and their explorers makes one wonder at the skill which five thousand years ago directed an army of a hundred thousand men 'without confusion towards a clearly foreseen end,' and with tools which seem pathetically inadequate achieved results which put to shame our best achievements. Another chapter is given to work among the temples from Heliopolis to Philae. Then we move among 'Buried Royalties' and see 'Tutankhamen and his Splendours,' as Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter have made them known to a wondering world. That chapter will be read with peculiar interest, and it is followed by a closing account of 'Life, Art, and Crafts in the Land of the Nile.' 'We owe to Egypt the first book, the first building, the first ship, the first statue, the first romance, the first relief, and the first picture, in the modern sense of which we have any knowledge.' Thirty-two full-page illustrations add much to the interest of a fascinating volume.

The Genius of Spain. By Salvador de Madariaga. (H. Milford. 10s. net.)

These essays seek to give English readers a wider and more comprehensive view of Spanish contemporary literature. The book opens with two introductory papers on 'The Genius of Spain' and 'The Character of Spanish Contemporary Literature,' and follows these with studies of eight living authors. One of them is Miguel de Unamuno, to whom one of the articles in this number of the Review is devoted. He is to-day the greatest literary figure of Spain, who stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries 'in the highness of his purpose and in the earnestness and loyalty with which, Quixote-like, he has served all through his life his unattainable Dulcinea.' Still more important is the fact that 'his eternal conflict between faith and reason, between life and thought, between spirit and intellect, between heaven and civilization, is the conflict of Spain herself.' Spain was 'the protagonist of the most important event in the life of the human race since the fall of the Roman Empire.' The discovery of America was 'a masterpiece of faith and creative imagination,' and opened an era of Spanish travel and discovery which constitutes perhaps the greatest epic which the human race has known. If we turn from history to literature, we find Don Quixote, the first novel in date and in excellence, 'from which all other novels in more than one sense descend.' The first literary portrait in this volume is that of Galdos, whose outlook is human. The Spaniards of his novels are as universal as those of Cervantes, for their life is woven with the eternal threads of love, destiny, and death. Giner inspired the contemporary revival of Spanish education, and 'there is no man who counts in Spanish culture to-day who has not come under the influence of his teachings, and particularly of the highest of them—a life agitated and courageous in its youth, noble and

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serene in old age, and always clean, pure, and devoted to the service of man.' The volume gives a view of Spanish life and literature which is of extraordinary interest.

Hellenistic Philosophies. By Paul Elmer More. (H. Milford. 13s. 6d. net.)

This is a continuation of Professor More's work on *The Greek Tradition*, and is published at The Princeton University Press. An earlier volume dealt with *The Religion of Plato*. Here we have studies of Aristippus, Epicurus, Cynics and Stoics, Epictetus, Plotinus, Diogenes, and Scepticism. Not much is known of the life of Aristippus, who founded the philosophy of pleasure which was developed and altered by Epictetus. Tales are given from the only history of Greek philosophy which has come down to us, and show the versatility acquired by this wily philosopher of Cyrene in his search for pleasure through many cities. We know a little more of Epicurus, who left behind him three hundred separate treatises. Ancient critics complained of his disorderly composition, and the modern student finds his style difficult if not repellent. Epictetus, the old lame schoolmaster of Nicopolis, is one of the supreme masters of ethical experience. He was shocked at the 'mess' into which Stoicism had been thrown, and, in the main, reverted to the earlier and authentic doctrine as it was developed by Chrysippus. Professor More says the rationalism of Plotinus was a self-willed effort to transcend the limitations which the dualist accepts humbly as a necessity of our mortal state. All the studies are luminous, and it is no small advantage to get such an insight into philosophies which have left their stamp on the thought and conduct of all succeeding ages.

Small Talk at Wreyland. By Cecil Torr. Third Series. (Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d. net.)

This is a final volume, and we are sorry to think we shall have no more of the small talk which has wit and knowledge packed into it. It deals largely with homely country scenes, but in a way that throws light on many out-of-the-way matters, and it has a pleasant spice of sarcasm about whitewashing reputations and other subjects. The range and discursiveness of the matter adds much to the zest with which one turns the pages. The armistice flags, the life of a garden, the look-out from windows, the wage of labourers, the old winters, and the old diseases like the plague and leprosy, all have their place, and about all Mr. Torr has much to tell that is worth telling. Not least amusing are his paragraphs on names. One child was called Cesca because her mother took in washing, and one girl's linen was marked 'Cesca, as short for Francesca. Railways furnish some interesting notes, and old letters and diaries yield many amusing entries. Mr. Torr's three books are a real addition to Devonshire lore, and will be a delight for many days to come.

Unknown Sussex. By Donald Maxwell. (Lane. 15s. net.) The

title-page describes this as 'being a series of unmethodical explorations of the county illustrated in line and colour by the author.' When Mr. Maxwell was compiling his *Unknown Kent* he constantly found himself over the border exploring the delights of Sussex. That led to the present volume, which has much to say of the downs, the ironworkers of the past, the romance of Winchelsea and Rye, the lost harbours, and the smuggling of the county. Not the least interesting pages and views are given to some little known aspects of Brighton, but wherever he goes Mr. Maxwell looks on things with an artist's eye and tells his story with a spice and humour which make it pleasant reading. The sketches are very effective, both in line and colours, and represent many houses and scenes of historic interest. Sussex has a charm of its own, and this book is steeped in it.

Pioneers of Evangelism Down Under. By William G. Taylor. (Epworth Press. 3s. 6d. net.) The title links this volume to Mr. Taylor's wonderful record of his mission work in Sydney. It breathes the same spirit, and is crowded with stories of striking conversions. Mr. Taylor has his eye on the young Methodist ministers of Australia, and finds them intensely loyal to the great traditions of their own Church. He has much to say of the men whom he found at work in 1871, when he went out to Australia, and gives a vivid sketch of his early experiences in a bush circuit, but the soul of the book is found in its stories of transformed lives. They will give new courage to many a preacher, and will fire many hearts with the passion of the evangelist. That is the purpose with which the book has been written.

A Popular History of English Poetry. By T. Earle Welby. (Philpot. 5s. net.) The aim of this volume is to give an outline of the development of English poetry, with impressions of the genius of individual poets. It traces the pedigree of our poetry to that of Provence, on which Chaucer drew. This sketch of the beginnings is followed by twelve chapters, which range from 'The Age of Chaucer' down to 'The Later Nineteenth Century.' Many will be grateful for so wide a view of the subject packed into a single volume of 284 pages. Its critical positions are well taken, and it is aptly illustrated by good quotations. It includes Meredith, Hardy, and Mrs. Meynell in its survey, and has some brief references to later poets which are of special interest. Every line of it can be read with pleasure, and a really good insight will be gained into a fascinating subject.

Francis Asbury in the Making of American Methodism. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D. (Methodist Book Concern. \$2 net.) This book may be set beside Dr. Tipple's fine volume on Asbury. It is not merely a biography, but a study of the man and his influence on American Methodism. His daily life, his preaching, his governing capacity, are well brought out; and his environment is clearly described. Some good illustrations and tables of statistics add to the interest of a most interesting study of the man and his times.

GENERAL

Causes of the Present Conflict of Ideals in the Church of England. By R. D. Richardson, B.A., B.Litt. *The Apocalypse of St. John.* By Canon Glazebrook, D.D. (John Murray. 6s. each net.)

MR. RICHARDSON attributes the conflict of ideals in the Church of England to the growing recognition of the claims of the human spirit which forbids men to give unquestioning obedience to the dicta of Church and Bible. His survey of religious thought in successive centuries is deeply interesting, and is brought down to the Anglo-Catholic movement of to-day. He says 'the strength of Methodism lay in its psychology, and this made its success inevitable.' It brushed aside the scepticism of English deism, and 'proclaimed not merely the existence of God, but the reality of direct contact with Him in prayer, thus returning to the cardinal doctrine of Protestantism, the worth of the individual to God.' Methodism, he adds, 'marked the movement back from transcendence to immanence, and greatly enriched the current idea of God by its fuller Trinitarian doctrine.' The book is a valuable addition to 'The Modern Churchman's Library.' Canon Glazebrook's volume sets forth the main results which Dr. Charles has reached in his great work on the Apocalypse, shows what follows from then. It is no small gain to have such a compact presentation of the subject. What he calls 'the lure of the Apocalypse' never seems to exhaust itself, and this scholarly exposition will be a boon to many students. There are points such as the suggestion of the early martyrdom of the Apostle John which we do not think are established, but the book is full of material for thought and study.

Christian Science: Expounded and Exposed. By J. Moffat Logan. (Kingsgate Press.)

These seven lectures were given in the Cannon Street Baptist Chapel, Accrington. They deal trenchantly with Mrs. Eddy's life, the textbook *Science and Health*, Mrs. Eddy's weird philosophy, her anti-scriptural religion, the ecclesiastical despotism of the Christian Science Church, and 'Christian Science: its so-called fruits.' Mr. Logan has been gathering his material for a number of years, and he puts the case against Christian Science with lucidity and force. Each of the addresses was followed by an open conference, at which full freedom was given for discussion.

The Travels of Baron Münchhausen: Gulliver Revived and the Art of Lying properly Exposed. Edited by William Rose, M.A., Ph.D. (Routledge & Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

Baron Münchhausen is a household name amongst us. Dr. Rose's Introduction shows that he was born in Hanover in 1720, served as

an officer in the Russian Army, and became famous for his incredible stories. These appeared in a Berlin periodical, and in 1785 Raspe, a strange mixture of rogue and scholar, who was then assay-master and storekeeper at the Dolcoath Mine, co-ordinated them and published them anonymously at Oxford. The work soon became popular, and its stories are such manifest pieces of lying that they have pointed a moral ever since. One reads them with growing wonder at their ridiculous extravagance and curiosity as to what lengths of improbability the next story will reach.

Bengali Religious Lyrics. Sakta. Selected and Translated by Edward J. Thompson and A. M. Spencer. (H. Milford. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Thompson says in the Introduction to this new volume of *The Heritage of India Series*, that the gods of Vedic times have given way to deities not even mentioned in the Vedas. The worship of Durga and Kali, Siva's consort, is deeply rooted in Bengal, and there has come such an access of mental happiness and of self-respect that the people will not again feel as despondent as the poet of 1589 who painted the village life of Bengal at that time. The Songs of Ramprasad, who died in 1775, are heard everywhere, and the dying man asks his companions to sing them when he is brought to the banks of the Ganges. Later Sakta poetry, so called after Sakti, the female energy, imitates him closely. Sixty-nine songs by Ramprasad and thirty-two by other poets are given, with notes which make this little set of songs a vivid picture of religious thought in Bengal, to whose heart they have gone as the work of few poets has ever done.

Spud Murphy and Some Others. By Owen Spencer Watkins, C.M.G., C.B.E. (Epworth Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

We do not wonder at the favour with which these stories were received when they first appeared in *The Methodist Recorder*. Each of them is a work of art, and in all we feel how rich the life of an army chaplain is in opportunities of moulding character and saving men from evil ways. 'Spud Murphy,' with all his weakness for drink, is a splendid Irishman who did wonders in looking after the casualties at the battle of the Marne, and died of his wounds in the second battle of Ypres. Mr. Watkins was proud of him, and makes us share his feeling. 'Monkey Treherne' and 'Dare-Devil Daunt' are two striking stories, and Leonidas, the Cretan Christian, is not less interesting. Young folk will find this a thrilling book.

Dr. A. T. Shearman's poem on *The Isle of Wight* now appears in full in letterpress. The greater part of it was originally published in phonography, and many wished to have it in a form that they could follow. It is published by the author at Beech Villa, West Cowes, at a shilling. The thirty sonnets are steeped in the history of the island, its natural beauties, and such events as 'The Foundering of the *Eurydice*,' 'The Passing of Edward VII.' It makes a

strong appeal to all lovers of the island.—*Training the Junior Citizen*, by Nathaniel F. Forsyth (Abingdon Press, \$1.50 net), is intended to develop right ideals in boys and girls and to carry those ideals into action. It gives a programme for a weekly club meeting covering two years of eight months each, prefacing these by practical suggestions for club workers. Lessons from Roosevelt's fight for health, from Washington and Lincoln, are given, and some good stories are told. The book is a real school for patriotism and the formation of character.—*The Boys' Own Guide to Stamp Collecting* (Philatelic Institute, 1s. net), gives twelve short talks on the subject, with many illustrations. Mr. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society, knows his subject, and young collectors will find him a first-rate adviser.—*Our Brave Boys* and *Various Verses*, by William Branton (Merton Press, 9d. and 6d. net, in paper covers), are revised editions of two little sets of verse which are in large demand.—*A Book about Heroic Deeds*. By Kenyon Wynne. (Epworth Press. 2s. net.) This is a book about heroic deeds which will stir the hearts of young readers. The stories are splendidly told, and there are some good illustrations.—*British-Israelism Examined*. By Samuel H. Wilkinson. (Bale, Sons, & Danielsson.) This is a close examination of the British-Israel position, which the writer finds will not stand the light of careful, unbiased, unprepossessed, unobsessed examination. Mr. Wilkinson holds that the absorption of such a view is likely to pervert gospel teaching. The examination is thorough, but it is carried out in a gracious spirit.—*The Belton Estate*, by Anthony Trollope, has been added to *The World's Classics* (H. Milford, 2s. net), and well deserves the honour. The characters are well drawn, the style is chaste, and the interest never flags. It is a very neat edition.—*Lead Me*. (Clifton: Baker.) There is devout feeling in these simple and flowing verses, and the tasteful booklet will be much appreciated. The Bulletin of the John Rylands' Library for January gives some important lectures. Dr. Peake's subject, 'The Messiah and the Son of Man,' will be carefully studied; Professor Herford draws a parallel between Dante and Milton; Dr. Powicke throws 'New Light on an old English Presbyterian and Bookman, the Rev. Thomas Hall, B.D. (1610-1665).' The Bulletin is full of good things.—*The Heptadic Structure of Scripture*. By R. McCormack. (Marshall Brothers. 12s. 6d. net.) In 1887 the writer published a book entitled *Seven the Sacred Number*. He has continued his studies, and has arrived at what he regards as more definite and far-reaching results. To him the words and even the letters in the text of Scripture are numbered, and he sets himself to show how the true text can be discovered by his heptade test. Greek and Hebrew words are transliterated or translated. It is wonderful how much pains and ingenious research has been devoted to the subject.—*By Sun and Candle-light*, by Archibald Alexander, M.A., B.D. (Allenson, 5s. net), gives forty-two brief talks on well-chosen texts. They seek 'to relate the Christian religion to the life of every day,' and no one can read them without pleasure and real profit.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (January).—Mr. Stephen Gwynne writes about 'Maurice Hewlett,' who seemed to him to be 'the most picturesque and distinguished personage amongst the writers of his generation.' They first met in 1897, when Hewlett was still in the Office of Woods and Forests. 'Some months later *The Forest Lovers* appeared, and made him instantly celebrated. He and his wife enjoyed the celebrity and its attendant prosperity; no people were ever more perfectly natural, and success heightened Hewlett's personality.' He was dark, spare, and square-shouldered, erect, poised on his feet like a fencer. It is an article that will appeal strongly to all lovers of Hewlett's work. Mr. Walkley writes on 'The Novels of Jane Austen'; Mr. Gribble on 'The Oxford Union'; Mr. Hannay on 'The Navy and the Dardanelles'; and 'Imperial Preference and Tariffs' have an important place in a number of sustained interest.

Hibbert Journal (January).—One of the best articles that have appeared in periodical literature for some time is the first article in this number, written by the editor, Dr. Jacks. As an 'Alternative to Government by Talk' it is excellent, but it does not bear summarizing. The writer well argues that the radical key of all sound attempts to govern is that they must be 'in harmony with the government of the universe,' and so must be based on 'the ethics of workmanship.' What Dr. Jacks means by that pregnant phrase must be studied in his own words; we quote only one sentence: 'Science was given to man that he might transfigure his toil from a burden that crushes into a culture that ennobles him.' Professor H. Weinell contributes a most instructive account of the present state of religious life in Germany. Unfortunately the impression left on the mind of an English reader may be summed up in one word—chaos. We believe that Cosmos will follow in due time. Two articles discuss important social questions of the hour—'The Moral Aspects of Social Hygiene,' by Sir A. Newsholme, and 'The Conscious Limitation of the Birth-Rate,' by E. V. and A. D. Lindsay. Mr. Edmond Holmes' 'Gospel of Salvation' is 'spiritual evolution.' What he has to say is well worth reading and pondering by the few, but as a gospel for the multitude—? Another class of interesting subjects is represented by the articles 'The Ethics of Engineering,' by J. D. Morgan, and 'An Architectural Revival,' by C. W. and A. W. Ellis. Professor Duff's discussion of 'The Spiritual Legacy of Egypt to Us' is learned and speculative. Other articles in an excellent number are on Cardinal Bessarion and 'Spiritual Conditions in Canada.'

Journal of Theological Studies (October).—The 'Document' which opens this number is an instalment of Origen's Scholia on the Apocalypse, edited by Mr. C. H. Turner. Mr. H. J. Rose discusses in much detail the '*Clausulae* of the Pauline Corpus,' but his conclusions as to the presence or absence of symmetry and rhythm in certain passages strike one as a curious misapplication of scholarship in a study of St. Paul. A contribution to the study of the use of 'Logos' in the second century is furnished in 'Clement and the two Divine Logoi,' by R. P. Casey. Professor Burkitt discusses, as few are competent to do, Dr. Sanday's great edition of the quotations of Irenaeus from the New Testament, which has just appeared. The subject of St. Luke's Preface receives further investigation by Professor J. H. Ropes, supplementing a previous article by Mr. F. H. Colson. The Reviews in this number contain short dissertations on such subjects as Skinner's *Prophecy and Religion*, Scott's *Epistle to the Hebrews*, and Western and Franciscan Mysticism.

The Expositor (January).—The present number marks an epoch. The *Expositor* keeps its Jubilee, changes its editor, begins a new series, alters its form, and enlarges its scope. The writer of this notice has taken it in for fifty years, and remembers it well under Samuel Cox, as well as Sir W. R. Nicoll; and all who love sound scholarship much, and the study of the Bible even more, rejoice that so distinguished a scholar as Dr. James Moffatt, an enthusiastic student of such literature in all languages as bears on the exposition of the Bible, is to be the new editor. We heartily wish for him the success which the new-old periodical deserves, and which he is tolerably sure to secure for it. The new features are—introductory paragraphs by the editor, under the title 'Current Issues'; articles such as 'The Best "Ten Books" on the Psalms,' by Professor T. H. Robinson, and 'The Ethical in Hindu Aphorisms,' by A. G. Widgery; 'Notes and Notices of Recent Criticism,' to which scholars such as Professor H. A. Kennedy contribute; and some first-class reviews of first-class biblical and theological books. The *Expositor* has been read and prized in the past by an important but somewhat select constituency. We hope, and venture to predict, for it a widened circulation and an extended sphere of usefulness in the work of making the Bible better understood and beloved by both ministers and people.

Review of the Churches (January).—We welcome very cordially this revived Review. Thirty years ago it lasted, under the editorship of Dr. (now Sir H.) Lunn, for three years; and now, in enlarged form, with strengthened staff and altogether new auspices so far as the Churches themselves are concerned, Sir Henry puts forth again his 'Constructive Quarterly.' We are heartily glad that this venture has been made, and we wish it all success. Sir H. Lunn has secured a strong representative Editorial Committee, on which are found the names of a Bishop, a Canon, and other influential dignitaries

of the Church of England, whilst all Nonconformist Churches are represented by one or two well-known ministers belonging to each. The editor announces that the Review is not to be carried on in the hope of financial gain, but to render service in the work of 'bringing the Churches into closer co-operation in questions of social reform.' The first article, entitled 'The Churches and the World,' is the Presidential Address delivered by Sir H. Lunn at the Mürren Conference last August. His interest in the reunion of Churches, manifested in the Grindelwald Conferences and in this country thirty years ago, is now freshly manifested by this new and promising publication. To the first number Archbishop Bernard, Dr. H. B. Workman, Dr. Lyttelton, Sir D. Maclean, Canon Lacey, and other eminent writers contribute papers dealing with burning current questions, and the whole number is full of interest. We wish for the *Review of the Churches* a long and useful career.

Holborn Review (January).—The interest in this number is well sustained and the ability of some of the articles very marked. The Rev. J. H. Ward, M.A., opens with an article on 'The Rights of Conscience'—a difficult subject—which contains in its dozen pages more wisdom and sense than is to be found in many volumes. The examination of Goethe's *Faust*, by the Rev. G. S. Hodson, deals with the great classic as a work of art and as a contribution to religion. His paper is admirably calculated to help ministers and thoughtful readers in their study of the poem. Two articles, 'Religion and Politics,' by James Adam, M.D., and 'The Futilities of Modern Politics,' by the Rev. Percy Jackson, though different from one another, may well be read together. The editor of the Review, Dr. Peake, helps to enrich this number by his 'Notes' and critiques of current books. He also writes a (first) article on 'The Roots of Hebrew Prophecy and Jewish Apocalyptic,' which has already appeared in pamphlet form, but well bears reprinting here. The section on Current Literature is full of information and instruction.

Expository Times (January).—The Editorial Notes deal with books by Schweitzer, Deissmann, and Shailer Mathews, and other subjects of current interest. Dr. Rendel Harris, in 'St. Paul and Aeschylus,' invites us to believe that the tragedy of the *Eumenides*, read or witnessed, may have exercised a profound influence upon the mind and speech of St. Paul. Dr. J. A. Hutton prints an inspiring sermon, or address, on 'The Lame Walk.' Other articles are 'Two Chronological Enigmas in the Old Testament,' by the Rev. T. Nicklin, 'The Significance of a New Tablet,' by Professor A. C. Welch, and 'The Cross of Christ and my Uttermost Farthing,' by the Rev. A. G. Hogg, D.Litt., of Madras Christian College.

The Congregational Quarterly (January).—The first place is given to the late Dr. Clifford's 'Free Church Preachers in the Fifties.' He draws happily on his early association with his own pastor and his uncle, and his impressions of Binney, Spurgeon,

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Mursell, and T. T. Lynch. The Rev. Sidney Berry pleads for 'A More Effective Fellowship.' With this and the wider diffusion of information, and a broader basis of representation, 'the Churches will gradually come to realize that the union is not a piece of distant machinery in charge of a few officials, but that it represents the united spirit of our Churches in the great tasks which they have in common.' It is a varied and valuable number.

Science Progress (January).—Dr. Lotka, of Johns Hopkins University, writes on 'The Intervention of Consciousness in Mechanics.' 'Our *particular type* of consciousness was developed by the exigencies of the food quest.' Other important articles are 'On the Function of Secondary Sexual Characters' and 'The Growth and Decay of Communities.' There is an interesting account of Erasmus Darwin, with his portrait by Wright of Derby.

Cornhill (January).—Mr. Leonard Huxley edits two sets of letters. 'The Family Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle' are a vivid picture of life at Cheyne Row, with such visitors as Mazzini and Tennyson, who smoked and talked like an angel to Mrs. Carlyle for three mortal hours, 'only exactly as if he were talking with a clever man.' 'When Carlyle came home at twelve and found me all alone in an atmosphere of tobacco so thick that you might cut it with a knife his astonishment was considerable.' Another pleasant link to the past is supplied by W. R. Cassel's account of his visits to the Brownings in Florence.

The Dublin Magazine (January) gives prominence to fiction, plays, and poetry. There is an interesting article on John Butler Yeates, the painter, with two illustrations of his work. He died in February, 1922, and his fame grows steadily in Ireland. His series of portraits of notable modern Irishmen is in the Dublin Municipal Gallery. Other papers are on James Elroy Flecker and Mr. A. E. Housman, and 'A Day at Delville with Swift.' It is an eminently readable monthly.

AMERICAN

Journal of Religion (November).—Professor W. E. Hocking of Harvard touches an important subject in the opening article—'Illicit Naturalizing of Religion.' He shows why naturalizing on the themes of religion is apt to destroy its essence by interfering with the spirit of reverence and worship. Religion, he says, rightly resents being naturalized, and we cannot let religion go. The two next articles, Dr. Haydon's on 'The Quest for God' and Dr. W. M. Horton's 'Reasons for believing in God' deal with that unrest concerning the very existence of God which is manifesting itself just now in America, as well as in Europe. At the back of it all lies the question, what is meant by the word 'God,' and the former of these articles contains an extraordinary list of definitions recently given of the divine Being, which shows the reason for much chaotic

thinking. Professor Horton's reasons for believing in God will not carry overwhelming weight, and it perhaps does not much matter when we find that to him 'the question of monotheism versus polytheism is very much of an open question,' that belief in God does not include belief in harmony in Nature—some aspects of it are 'clearly chaotic'—or any tendency towards righteousness in human history, though these may be a 'response that proves a stimulus,' and Dr. Horton 'worships the stimulus.' Other excellent articles are on 'Religious Movements in Czecho-Slovakia' and 'What may the Social Worker expect of the Church?' by Professor Shailer Mathews.

Methodist Review (New York) (November-December).—This number deals at large with the subject of 'Christianity and World Peace.' Some of the articles are, 'What the Christian Church needs to know about War and Peace,' 'The War God,' 'America and Internal Peace,' while the attempt to find 'The Christ-Spirit in the Animal World' points in the same direction. Professor W. J. Thompson, writing on 'Jesus in the Light of Parthenogenesis,' concludes that 'acceptance of Christ's birth by parthenogenesis, which is congruous with a known law, can assist the intellect in believing the gospel narrative and fill the heart with holy awe in its contemplation.' Other articles are on 'Agassiz, the Chrysostom of Science,' 'The Religious Significance of the Rise of the British Labour Movement,' and 'Intelligence Tests applied to Theological Students.' The permanent features of the Review, under the headings of 'House of the Interpreter,' 'The Arena,' 'Foreign Outlook,' and 'Biblical Research,' are well sustained.

Princeton Theological Review (October).—The third article in the series, 'Is God Almighty?' by W. H. Johnson, is interesting and thorough, though it propounds no new solution of old difficulties. R. D. Wilson continues his inquiry into the literary influence of the Book of Daniel by way of establishing the traditional view of its date and authorship. F. D. Jenkins' discussion of the question 'Is Harnack's *History of Dogma* a history of Harnack's Dogma?' is full of able and searching criticism. But the fact that this and other elaborate disquisitions have to be issued in parts (of forty pages each), published at intervals of three months, tells against their usefulness. The whole of this number, including the surveys of literature, is weighty and valuable.

Bibliotheca Sacra (January).—Dr. Kerr's 'Why Study Theology?' shows how the pulpit, the pew, and the Church need a sound theology. Mr. Cannon of Southport discusses 'The Authorship of Lamentations.' He deals with certain divergencies between the thoughts of Jeremiah and those of the author of Lamentations, and holds that there is as much to be said in favour of Jeremiah's authorship of Lamentations as can be adduced on behalf of any one else. There is an important critical note on 'The Order of Synoptic Events,' by J. F. Springer.

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